Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
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Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 91.—Vol. VII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, August 30, 1905 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo by *Bullingham*

Miss Marie and Miss Melita Keppel

Daughters of Captain Colin R. Keppel, D.S.O., the new Commander of the King's yacht

No. 91.—Vol. VII.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

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TOM B. DAVIS, Lessee and Manager.
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THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. The 6 o'clock programme is entirely different to that at 3 and 9 o'clock. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats.

Prices: Boxes, £2 2s., £1 11s. 6d., and £1 1s.; Fauteuils, 10/6 and 7/6; Stalls, 5/-, 4/-, 3/-, and 2/- (Telephone No. 7689 Gerrard); Grand Tier, 1/-; Balcony, 6d. (Telephone No. 7699 Gerrard). Children under twelve half price to all Fauteuils and Stalls. Telegrams: "Coliseum, London."

BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Ways of Lady Isabel." A Novel. By Mrs. Neish. (Tallis Press: 1s.)

"The Queen's Man." A Romance of the Wars of the Roses. By Eleanor C. Price. (Constable: 6s.)

"Twisted Eglantine." A Novel. By H. B. Marriott Watson. (Methuen: 6s.)

"My Friend the Chauffeur." A Novel. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Methuen: 6s.)

"Knock at a Venture." A Novel. By Eden Phillpotts. (Methuen: 6s.)

"The Doctor Says." A Book of Practical Advice for the Household for the Preservation of Health. (Sidney Appleton: 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Bodie Book." By Dr. W. Bodie. (Caxton Press: 2s. 6d.)

FOR HOLIDAY READING.

VOL. VI.

The Bystander

(April to June, 1905)

Bound in Green Stamped Cloth with Gold Lettering,

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AN EXCELLENT PRESENT FOR FRIENDS ABROAD OR IN THE COLONIES.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Random Jottings

Peace Prospects

At the moment of going to press the Peace outlook is as bad as it can be. The Tsar, it is rumoured, is not to be shaken on the question of the indemnity, in spite of impassioned appeals from President Roosevelt, who, if he should prove successful—and the eleventh hour is no time to give up hope—deserves to be nicknamed "The Prince of Peace-makers." It would have been a pleasant task to commence this issue with a joyous paragraph proclaiming the good tidings of Peace, but it is not to be. May to-morrow (Tuesday) morning tell a different tale.

Squabbles in Dialogue

The true story of the Kitchener-Curzon affair would make a most engrossing volume. Differences of opinion between great men are given to the world in too diluted a form. The strong spirit of the original is drowned by what may be termed the soda-water of polite Parliamentary phraseology. Here is a chance for some more "Real Conversations," with such gems as: "My dear Kitchener, I beg of you to consider ——." "Hang it all, Curzon, can't you see ——?"

Pin-pricks for Herreros

Herr von Lindquist, the new Governor of German South-West Africa, has decided, we are told, to win over the Herreros by diplomacy rather than to exterminate them by bullets. The new Governor is, as his name implies, a master of many tongues, and he has thrown the rebels into a state of great alarm by the announcement that he will argue the point with them in Esperanto.

London of the Future

It is estimated that in 1931 London will have a population of eleven millions. The Royal Commission on London Traffic has endorsed the estimate, and we suppose the Royal Commission knows. Anyhow, it has suggested a splendid scheme for enabling those eleven millions to get about London in a way that will open our ancestral eyes, if we live to see it. But we sincerely hope that the eleven millions will really and truly be round about to enjoy it. It will be a pity if, when London really has become passable, Garden Cities and the Simple Life should have attracted the cockney away from his ancient city.

"YOU WANT ALL THE GAME TO YOURSELF"

Broom v. Train
"Yah! takin' the bread out of a poor man's mouth!"

Broom v. Train

Now that a Vienna municipality has forbidden ladies to wear trains to their dresses in the streets, hope is springing again in the breasts of the London unemployed. They calculate that, if a similar measure were passed by the London County Council, several thousand pounds' worth of sweeping—at present done by ladies who are quite unremunerated for the work—would be diverted into their hands. There is certainly something to be said for the paid sweeper.

An Old Canard Disproved

"Three of our Channel swimmers," says a contemporary, "have insisted upon having music to cheer them on their way. Two others have contented themselves with megaphones." And yet foreigners will persist in saying that we are not a musical nation.

An old canard disproved
The Channel swimmers have music to cheer them on their way

Swearing for the Million

[*"Esperanto is evidently an excellent language in which to express one's feelings. Dusty and warm, one of the three hundred Esperantists at Dover, on Thursday, stumbled as he climbed the steep Castle Hill. 'Malbeno malagrablo!' he exclaimed viciously, and apparently found much relief."*—DAILY PAPER.]

Surely we should not miss a chance so rare,
Of placing everyone upon an equal footing;
Just think if all men had a common swear,
From Vladivostock even unto Tooting!
One swear, and one alone,
Not a bad one, you will own,
(When you've heard it) "MALBENO MALAGRABLO."

No longer would a lady be afraid
Of hearing language that she shouldn't hear,
If haply she has grossly underpaid
Her cabby, and no constable is near.
Two words will meet the case,
And she'll only have to face
His scornful "MALBENO MALAGRABLO!!"

For golfers it would be the very thing;
Suppose your golfer has a nasty lie,
No longer need he make the welkin ring,
With curses loud, and hideous blasphemy.
Consolation he'll obtain,
Saying o'er and o'er again,
(Rather viciously) "MALBENO MALAGRABLO!!!"

Then to the City man who's lost his train,
The words will bring unspeakable relief;
Instead of being shockingly profane,
And causing others pain and even grief,
He will simply eye the guard,
And repeat, while breathing hard,
(With emphasis) "MALBENO MALAGRABLO!!!!"

Suppose you're bicycling, and have a puncture,
And you have brought no outfit to repair with;
You're miles from home, now what, at such a juncture,
What swear words are there really fit to swear with?
There *were* none, it is true,
But here are two for you,
(Just listen!) "MALBENO MALAGRABLO!!!!!"

A foreigner, no matter from what land,
Spain, Italy, or Berwick-upon-Tweed,
These mystic words would always understand,
And use them, too, whenever he had need;
So let us then eschew
All naughty words save two,
(Large caps., please!)
"MALBENO MALAGRABLO."

(Overheard) "Scots wha' hae"

MRS. MACPHERSON: And is your son going to the Royal Review with his regiment.

MRS. MACGREGOR: I hae ma doots. Sandie would like the King to see him weel enow, but he doesna think His Majesty wud derive twa hunderd poands' wuth o' pleesure frae it.

The Guns for India

The announcement that the new guns for India have just had to be returned for repair, as they were unable to withstand the voyage, is not—in the opinion of the War Office—a proper statement of the facts. The truth is, of course, that the guns were only sent out to be tried on in the first instance. It is believed that they will in the end turn out a perfect fit.

Anticipations.—IV.

The Seaside Resort of the Future

[*From a newspaper discussion, concerning Boredom at the Seaside, it appears that the chief wants of the ordinary holiday-maker are clubs, music-halls, theatres, and, in fact, the things he is accustomed to find in Town.*]

Enterprising watering-places will, no doubt, proceed to fulfil these wants, and we anticipate the following:—

A charming innovation has been made by the Margate authorities with a view to attracting City men. They have erected a set of offices which can be hired for the months of July and August—together with clerks, typists, and office boys. The busy man, by renting one of these, can easily escape the usual ennui of the seaside, and can dictate letters on a revolving chair to his heart's content. Answers to the letters will be sent by the municipal clerks if desired, and the entire illusion of sitting in one's office (without the worry) can be experienced at a moderate cost.

Always to the front in every enterprise, Brighton has already constructed its underground railway, by which visitors who do not care for the ordinary attractions of bathing, boating, etc., can be conveyed to a station which will be known as "the City." After a rest at this spot, in which an artificially constructed fog will reign supreme, they will be taken back again to the sea-front. It is thought that the sulphurous air, together with the prolonged railway journey, will give the confirmed Londoner a complete sensation of being at home for, at any rate, a considerable part of the day.

In response to the cry for seaside attractions, the manager of the pier at Bournemouth has decided not to open the pier to visitors until quite late in the day. A *queue* will be formed on the parade by visitors anxious to secure a seat, and, by the time they are let on, it is felt that they will have enjoyed themselves as heartily as if they had been waiting for a London matinée.

Now is the time to visit Blackpool. With commendable zeal, the authorities have taken up the roads in all the principal parts of the town, so that visitors doing their shopping will be saved from the ennui of being able to move about quickly, and there will be constant blocks in the traffic. As most of the shopkeepers have combined to have sales (at which the most ordinary goods will be "sacrificed" for rather more than their usual cost), no one will be able to deny that Blackpool is keeping up its character of the London of the North.

The Hastings Town Council has again distinguished itself. Fearful of losing their better-class visitors, the councillors have hit on the capital plan of getting their tax-collector to call at every house where apartments have been let for the summer months. Plumbers will also be in and out most of the day, and dustmen will call punctually during meal-times. It is believed that no better way of relieving the usual tedium of the holidays has yet been devised.

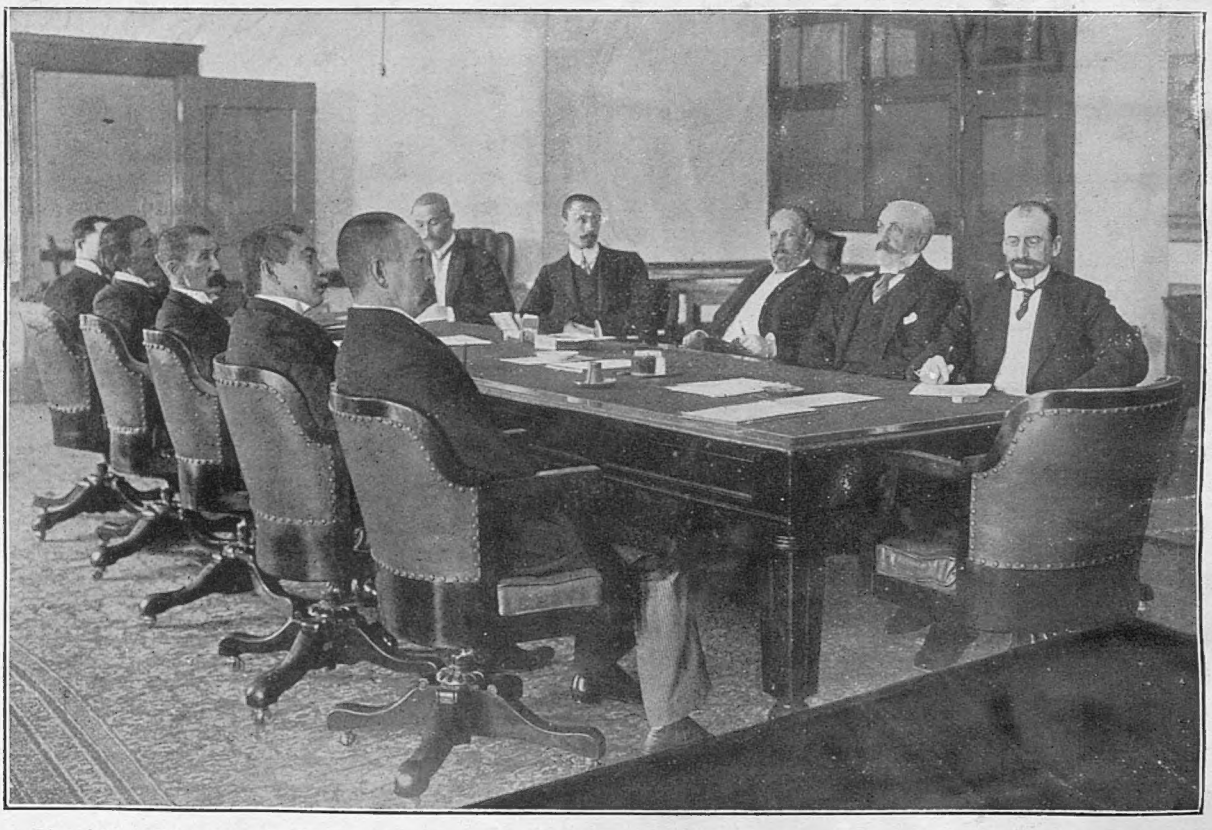


Photo by] **With the eyes of the world upon them: Peace Commissioners in conference at Portsmouth, U.S.A.** [*Bain*

The Japanese are on the left of the illustration, their names from left to right reading: M. Adachi, M. Otchiai, Baron Komura, M. Takahira, and M. Sato. Facing them are the Russian Commissioners, with M. Witte in the centre. On his right hand are M. Nabohoff and M. Plançon; on his left, Baron Rosen and M. Korostovstz

Pet Name for the Duma

Abbreviations are usually taken as a sign of popularity, and if this is so, the Imperial Duma —or National Assembly— which the Tsar has appointed for his people, must be regarded as already firmly fixed in popular favour. Russians allude to it familiarly as "the Imperial Du."

The Trials of Elections

Meanwhile, elections for the Duma promise to be lively. Several leaders on the Liberal side have been imprisoned—"on suspicion," says a news agency, "of preparing electioneering literature." It is not, however, thought likely that Liberal candidates will be sent to Siberia, unless, of course, they are elected.

Impartial Bookstalls

The question of what has come to be called "Impartial Railway Bookstalls" has roused a good deal of controversy. It is felt that railway bookstalls that sold — let us say — caps of one size only, expensive umbrellas, and no literature but the "Philosophic Review," would make travelling—particularly on certain of the slower lines—quite intolerable. We have quite enough to put up with when travelling, without having to wear a cap that does not fit us and a journal that we may not want. Even the privilege of being able to pull the communication cord when we want the train to stop (we generally want it to go quicker), and of being able to look at dusty photographs of various places on the company's line, would not reconcile us to such a state of affairs.

Other Impartialities

But now that we have waked to the notion that a railway bookstall should supply our needs rather than the needs of a particular firm of publishers, why should we not go further and press upon railway companies the wisdom of making other railway annexes similarly supply our wants? How pleasant an impartial railway buffet would be, with impartial bath buns and impartial barmaids and milk from impartial cows! How delightful impartial porters, who would not insist that one's train was going from a certain platform, when, as a matter of fact, it was going from quite a different one, would be! And trains that would arrive impartially at the hour named in the company's time-tables—how ideal! But one must not expect Utopia during the August holidays.

Sorrows for German Tommies

It is reported that German soldiers are to have a new tunic "cut like a blouse, with a low stand-up collar." A petition, it is thought, will be got up by military men praying the Kaiser that these blouses be not constructed to button from behind, as—in the event of a night attack or other sudden emergency—German soldiers would otherwise be unable to make their usual smart appearance upon the battle-field. Even in times of peace, a blouse buttoning behind would, it is felt, prove a severe handicap to many brave but portly officers. In the event of a button going during a march past, something can be done with a pin, provided the garment fastened in front. But ladies are unanimous in saying that in the alternative case the gallant officer would either have to fall out or summon his orderly to do him up.

Salmon-Fishing at Henley?

Thames anglers—according to a contemporary — are much annoyed by the efforts of the Thames Salmon Association to introduce salmon into the river, as they fear that their fishing-rights will end by being curtailed. Certainly, several hundred gentlemen, separated by distances of some three or four feet, will be unable to compete with one another in catching salmon. It might make a sporting competition, but it is not the salmon that would be caught in those circumstances.

More Sorrows for the German Army

"Company! Right turn!! By your right, quick button!!!"

Horse Show Week in Dublin.

"Warranted Quiet"

There is a sense of repose in Dublin, that even the excitement of the Show Week cannot dispel. (In Sackville St.)

"Commended for Double Harness"

"Catch weights"

The only appreciators of Fridays weather in Phœnix Park

"Faith, and 'tis a grand thing for a married couple me dhear."

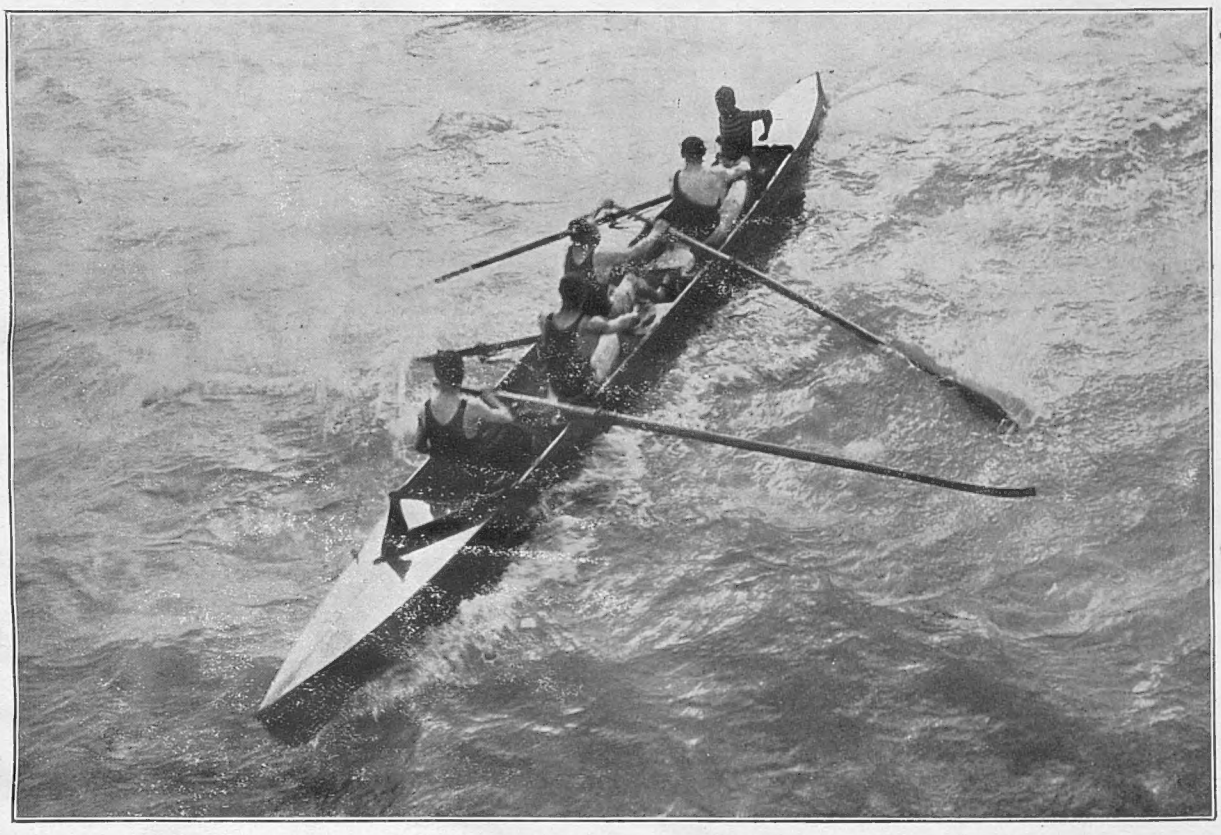
The Water Fete Kingstown (Friday)

Unfortunate Propinquity

DRAWN BY THOMAS MAYBANK

Hastings Regatta

A CHOPPY SEA CAUSES AN AMUSING MISHAP



Senior Fours struggling against a choppy sea

The rough sea eventually swamped the Hastings Galley, to the delight of the onlookers

Photo by *Coster*

Crowd watching the landing of the Hastings Galley after being swamped

Druidic Revelry at Stonehenge

Most Noble Arches, Past Noble Arches, and all kinds of Arches, grouped round the al ar

A new brother, Sir E. Antrobus, owner of Stonehenge, being led to the altar

If the spirits of past Druids still haunt Stonehenge, the holy place of Druidism, they must feel a certain pride that their ancient rites have survived a scoffing age. The fire of the ancient ceremonial is kept alive by the Brothers of the Oak, a vast organisation with a membership of over a quarter of a million, with branches all over the world. Last week, these modern Druids held high revelry at Stonehenge, on which occasion the owner of this historic pile, Sir Edmund Antrobus, and twenty-four novitiates were made brothers of the Order. The brethren, their smooth, modern faces buried in flowing beards, formed an oval round the altar

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

England's Infant Prince

The infant Prince John has not had long to wait for his first ordeal by camera. For a baby of barely seven weeks old, he has come through this trying business with the utmost success, and presents to his admiring and loyal subjects a countenance graced with placidity and good nature. His full name is Charles John Francis, and he has for a birthright the goodwill of the whole English race.

The Keppel Children

The subjects of our frontispiece this week—the charming children of Captain Colin R. Keppel, C.B., D.S.O., and his wife, Major-General Blundell's daughter—have a father whom the King delighteth to honour, even to the extent of making him Commodore in command of the Royal yachts, in succession to Rear-Admiral Sir Berkeley Milne. He is the only son of the late Sir Harry Keppel, the King's life-long friend. He entered the navy at twelve-and-a-half years old, nearly thirty years ago; joined in the attempt to relieve Gordon, after seeing much Egyptian service; was mentioned in despatches by Lord Charles Beresford, who said that his whole party in the Soudan Expedition owed their safety to "the untiring energy of Sub.-Lieut. Keppel"; and was thanked by both Houses of Parliament for his services in 1899.

Photo by *L. E. Sorrell*

H.R.H. The Princess of Wales and the infant Prince John

The "Duke of Lancaster" at Marienbad

With General Booth on Tour

I have always held General Booth in the very highest esteem (writes our special correspondent), but, after spending several days in close connection with the grand old man during his present motor tour through England, the feeling deepens into a great love for his marvellous personality. The scenes all along the route have been fully detailed in the daily Press, and reports of the enthusiasm have not been exaggerated. Every countenance wears a genial look of love and welcome for the General. His addresses are all spirited, racy, and telling, and hold the attention of his hearers from beginning to end. It is wonderful to note how seldom he repeats himself in the course of, sometimes, four addresses a day, all on the same subject, "What is the Salvation Army," but there is one little "sparklet" of humour which I have heard him repeat once or twice, and which is worth repeating again. In describing the social operations of the Army, he mentions the Millbank Home, Westminster, where supper, bed, and breakfast may be obtained for the lordly sum of fourpence. "Now, even if the Government does get turned out," he says, with a chuckle, "they need not despair, because they can all go and stay at our home round the corner for fourpence a night!" We had an interesting stop at historic Sanquhar, the town of the Covenanters, but, perhaps, Workington, in Cumberland,

Photo by *Berlin Illustration Co.*

The King in Marienbad, chatting with his physician, Dr. Ott, on the Kurpromenade

It is a pleasure to record Dr. Ott's opinion that he has never seen King Edward looking better

A Princely Gift for Glasgow

was more full of interest to the general public, as well as the Army, for the reason that the halt was made at the expressed wish of the inn-keepers of the town! The snapshot on this page shows the General standing up in his car, and threading his way through the thousands gathered in the market-place. When the dear old man saw he had been "snapped," he called out to me, "You'll kill me before you've done," and, if photography could kill, we are afraid General Booth would have been dead years ago.

There can be nothing but praise also for the splendid way in which the Corre motors supplied by the Automobiles de Luxe Company have done their work. All through the difficult country in the North of England there has never been the slightest hitch of a serious nature, and the longest delay has never amounted to more than a few minutes.

There is no doubt that General Booth is a great man in the truest sense of the word, and it is gratifying to all those who know something of the greatness of his world-wide operations to see that the "man-in-the-street" is beginning to appreciate him before it is too late.

With General Booth on tour

The General's car passing through Workington, Cumberland

Mr. A. Cameron Corbett, M.P.

The donor of a fine estate to the favoured municipality of Glasgow, Mr. Corbett is one who has always been genuinely interested in plans for the good of the

Mr. A. Cameron Corbett, M.P., and Ardkinglas, the magnificent Highland domain which he has presented to the citizens of Glasgow

The New Viceroy of India

people. It was he who, with Mr. Albert Grey, started the profit-sharing concern known as the Decorative Co-operators, of which he is still a Director. His father was the founder of the cheap dinner scheme for Glasgow working people. He is only forty-six, and has represented the Tradeston Division of Glasgow since 1885 as a Liberal Unionist. The new Highland estate presented to the citizens of Glasgow consists of some 9,000 acres of mountain territory, lying between Loch Long and Loch Goil. In the words of the donor, his general object is "to preserve a grand and rugged region for the best use of those who love the freedom of the mountains and wild natural beauty." Mr. Corbett adds, in his letter announcing the gift, that he would not object to the erection of simple cottages, provided nothing be done to spoil the naturalness of the scenery.

Photo by Elliott and Fry

The Earl of Minto

The new Viceroy of India

Photo by Amy Cassels

Lady Eileen Elliot

Daughter of Lord and Lady Minto

Photo by Langfier

The Countess of Minto

Wife of the new Viceroy of India

Photo by Alice Hughes

Lady Ruby Elliot

Daughter of Lord and Lady Minto

Ardkinglas is a rugged and picturesque estate, well stocked with grouse, blackgame, woodcock, pheasants, hares, rabbits, and deer. As can be seen from our illustration, the seascape is as much a part of its attractions as the landscape. The best route at present is to sail from Gourock in the Lochgoilhead steamer, which turns into Loch Goil, the hillsides being beautifully wooded.

The New Viceroy and Lady Minto

Lord Minto has waited just ten months for that very distinguished post which it was whispered was coming to him after his term as Governor-General of Canada ended in October last year. The new Viceroy of India is strong in two things that Lord Curzon, in the opinion of many Anglo-Indians, would have been the better for: tact and sportsmanship. Canada, which received him coldly at first, came to be enthusiastic about him. In 1900 he was prominent in fighting the fire that did so much damage to Ottawa. In 1902 he crossed the St. Lawrence in a canoe through the perils of floating ice. The train accident in which he had so marvellous an escape last year we all remember. At Oxford he shone as winner of the University Steeplechase, riding in it on the day he took his degree, which he received with breeches and boots appearing beneath his academic gown. He rode five times in the Grand National; and he won the French race of the same name, when he was the only amateur in the field. He joined the Scots Guards, fought with the Turks in 1877, went through the Afghan War, and was Lord Roberts' private secretary at the Cape in 1881. He served against Arabi Pasha, was Chief of Staff in the suppression of the Canadian revolt in 1885, and saw fighting against the Commune and with the Carlists. He is fifty-eight. Lady Minto is the sister of Earl Grey, who succeeded Lord Minto in the Canadian Governor-Generalship, and daughter of the Prince Consort's private secretary and biographer. She is as fond of sport and adventure as her husband, with whom she rode through the Rockies on the cowcatcher of the train, to see how it felt; and she broke her leg badly skating at Ottawa, so that she had to be rescued on a stretcher, when Government House took fire a little later. She is a fine horsewoman, and was one of the pioneers of Society's cycling craze in the years gone by. Of her five children, the Ladies Eileen and Ruby Elliot came out last year. Lord Melgund, the heir to the title, is only thirteen.

A Notable Irishman

"Davy" Stephens

Not to know Davy Stephens is to argue yourself unknown. For the benent, however, of poor ignorant, misguided mortals, it may be stated that Davy Stephens dispenses wit and newspapers upon the landing-stage of the Irish mail-boats at Kingstown. He has an acquaintance which begins with the ordinary newspaper buyer and does not stop short at the Lord-Lieutenant. Indeed, the first official reception of a new Lord-Lieutenant may be said to take place upon the landing-stage. Davy does the honours, welcoming the newcomer with a graceful flourish of his hat, prophecying him a happy tenure of office, and selling him such Irish papers as may be most helpful to him in his new duties. The Davy stories have filled an entertaining volume. We select his retort to Mr. John Morley, when Chief Secretary for Ireland:—

"Good morning, Davy," said Mr. Morley, on landing.

"Good morning, sir."

"Davy" Stephens

The celebrated newsagent, who dispenses wit and newspapers on the landing-stage of the Irish mail-boats at Kingstown

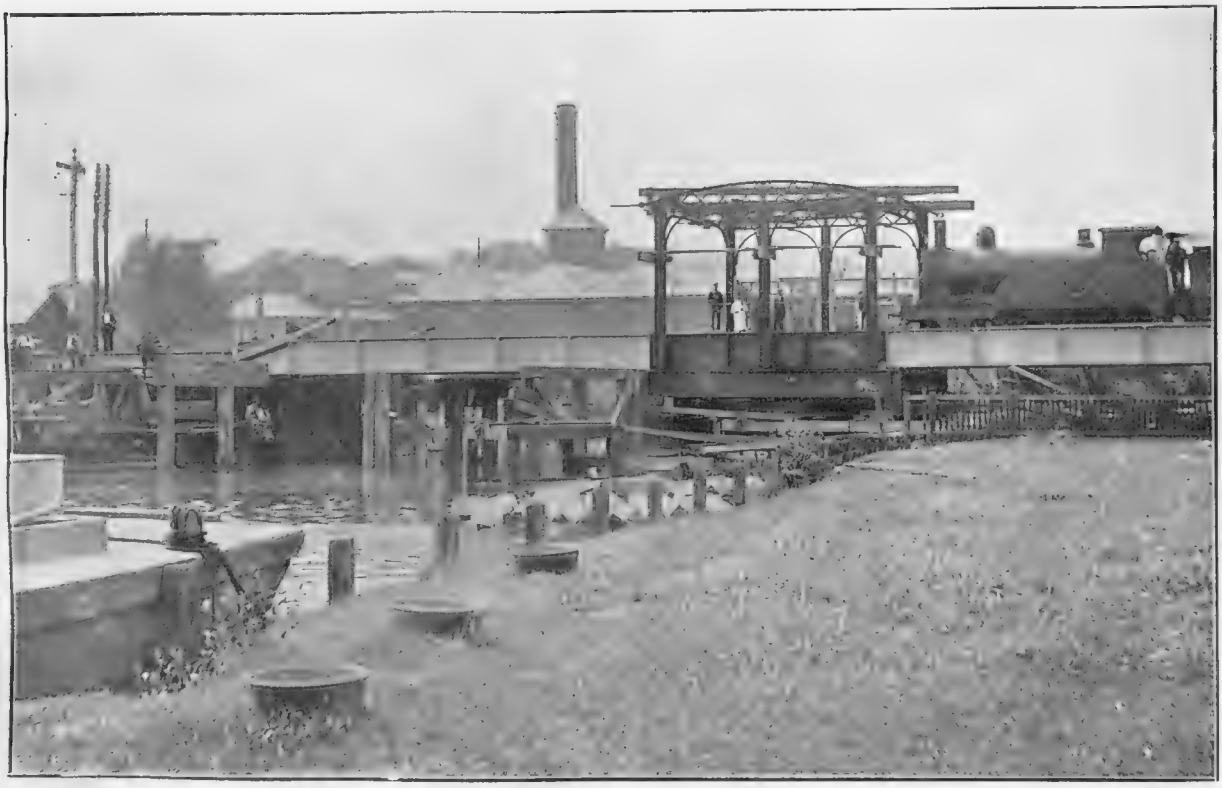
"Any news this morning, Davy?"

"Yes, sir; all under my arm here."

It is a pleasure to record that Davy Stephens recently honoured THE BYSTANDER office with a visit, and the writer of this slight tribute to a great man will not soon forget the hurricane of cheeriness and brogue which blew through the big, red building in Tallis Street.

A Marvel of Bridge Building

The possibilities of modern engineering, as Lord Rosebery lately remarked in pleading for the retention of the old Brig of Ayr, are almost inexhaustible. The only bit of single line on the Great Eastern's main route from London to Norwich is — or was — on the bridge over the Wensum, between Norwich and Trowse. This has been altered since the night earlier in the month, when all traffic over the bridge was suspended for thirty-three hours. In this short space of time the contractors, Messrs. Handyside, of Derby, dismantled the old bridge, which has been sixty years



A Triumph of Engineering: Double-track bridge swung over the Great Eastern Line in thirty-three hours

Lady Newtown Butler

Lady Newtown Butler

Who was included in the Viceregal party at Leopardstown Races, and was prominent among notabilities present at the Dublin Horse Show

in use, and substituted for it a new double-track swing bridge, one hundred and twenty-two feet long, of balanced cantilever type, with two open spans of forty-four feet, and two viaduct spans. The British workman—at any rate, the British engineer—can do remarkable things if you hurry him.

Lady Newtown Butler

Lady Newtown Butler, who was prominent among the notabilities gathered together during Horse Show week, is the eldest daughter of Major-General Sir Henry Tombs, K.C.B., a distinguished soldier, and when quite a young girl married Lord Newtown Butler, an officer in the Coldstream Guards. She is charmingly pretty and graceful, with a tall *svelte* figure, bright complexion, and soft, wavy brown hair. When in London, she is always to be seen at Society functions, but it is in her small family, of whom the eldest, the son and heir, is just now nine years old, she finds her principal occupation and delight.

Her two pretty little daughters rejoice in the most delightful of Irish names, Eileen and Moyra. Lord and Lady Lanesborough, Lord Newtown Butler's parents, live almost entirely in Ireland, at their beautiful place on the shores of Loch Erne

Shooting on the Moors

SOME NOTED SCOTTISH SEATS TENANTED FOR THE SEASON

On the Moors

Foremost in the throng that has descended upon Scotland for the shooting are two of the most famous chiefs of the country. Cameron of Lochiel, who has taken the Strathpeffer moors, has a barony, as every Scotsman knows, that goes back to Mary, Queen of Scots, and a family tree that goes back to the Flood or thereabouts. The other great chief, the Mackintosh, comes of the blood of the Thane of Fife, who slew Macbeth. He is the twenty-fifth chief of his name, and the twenty-first of the famous Clan Chattan, the headship of which came into the family by marriage six hundred and twenty years ago. Dunbeath Castle, in Caithness, Mr. Edwin Alexander-Sinclair's place, is taken by Sir Alfred Hickman, M.P., ironmaster, colliery owner, tremendous worker, Tariff Reformer, enemy of greedy railway companies, keen shot, and oldest member of the Albrighton Hunt.

Photos by *White*

The Mackintosh, of Mackintosh, Inverness-shire

Who is to entertain the Prince of Wales at Moy Hall

Cameron of Lochiel, of Achnacarry, Inverness-shire

Lord-Lieutenant of Co. Inverness

He has taken out a game certificate annually for an unbroken period of fifty-seven years. Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, is the *châtelaine* at Old Mar Castle, where she will demonstrate for the thirtieth year in succession that from across the Atlantic come the most aristocratic peeresses and the best hostesses in the world. At Ballindalloch Castle, in Banff, the shooting is in the hands of Sir Ralph Blois, whose ancestor followed the Conqueror (it is said) in a sporting spirit, and whose family was certainly a leading one in Suffolk under Henry VIII., when the Cockfield property, on which Sir Ralph's principal place is, came into the family. The Earl of Portsmouth, who is settled at Guisachan House, Inverness-shire, comes of a family that claims to have been here before Norman William made his appearance. The Princess of Wales has lately been the guest of Mr. R. H. Lyall Gordon at Abergeldie, which

Castle Leod, Strathpeffer, rented by Cameron of Lochiel

Photo by *Valentine*

Dunbeath Castle, Caithness, rented by Sir Alfred Hickman, the well-known colliery master, from Mr. E. A. Alexander-Sinclair

has belonged to the Gordons of Abèrgeldie since the fifteenth century. Lastly, there is that stately place, Fyvie Castle, in Aberdeenshire, where Prince Arthur of Connaught has been the guest of Mr. Forbes Leith. Fyvie belonged to the Scottish crown at one time, and has passed through the hands of the Lindsays, the de Prestons, the Setons, and the Gordons. On this great estate some of finest low-ground shooting in Great Britain may be had.

(*See following pages*)

Pheto by *Morgan*

Old Mar Castle, where Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, is the hostess

Shooting on the Moors

SOME NOTED SCOTTISH SEATS TENANTED FOR THE SEASON

Photo by *Valentine*

Ballindalloch Castle, Banff, rented by Sir Ralph Blois from Sir George Macpherson-Grant

Guisachan, Inverness-shire, rented by the Earl of Portsmouth from Lord Tweedmouth

Shooting on the Moors

SOME NOTED SCOTTISH SEATS TENANTED FOR THE SEASON

Photo by *Valentine*

Fyvie Castle, Aberdeenshire, where Prince Arthur of Connaught has been the guest of Mr. A. J. Forbes-Leith

Photo by *Morgan*

Abergeldie Castle, Aberdeen, where the Prince and Princess of Wales have been entertained by Mr. R. H. Lyall Gordon

With Knapsack and Kodak

By Our Special Walking Commissioner,

HENRY MURRAY

No. I.—The Start from Basingstoke

[*"Back to the land" has long been a common cry. Of late it has fallen upon willing ears. Discussion upon the Simple Life would not have spread so wide if the people had not been in a mood to receive the new doctrine. Already a section of them is agitating for model country cottages. But many townsfolk have little knowledge of the land to which they instinctively yearn. The pleasant and literary quality of this series of articles by Mr. Henry Murray, the well-known critic and writer, will not be spoilt by a slight flavouring of purpose. This story of the country would be incomplete without occasional reference to social and economic conditions. In a word, Mr. Murray will "rediscover" Rural England for our readers.*]

It was on the afternoon of August 12—a date hereafter to be eternally memorable in the annals of my country—that I, a hardy adventurer, set out to carry the name of London into the wilds of the Southern Counties. My starting-point, it was arranged, was to be Basingstoke; my course to lie ever further south and west, and my ultimate destination nowhere in particular. My commission is a loose and easy one. I am to wander—within the limits already indicated—pretty much where I will, and to make a weekly article for the columns of The Bystander out of my observations on such men, things, and places as I may deem worthy of journalistic or pictorial chronicle.

Wote Street, Basingstoke

My outfit for this momentous expedition is a simple one. A Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers of pepper-and-salt tweed, a pair of dark-coloured Balbriggan hose, a digger shirt of grey flannel, a pair of stout boots, a soft felt hat, and a crooked stick. In my knapsack I carry replicas of the shirt and stockings, a nail-brush, a tooth-brush, a hair-brush, and a comb. A pipe, a tobacco-pouch, and a box of matches, were I completely my own master, would have completed the inventory. But I am not my own master. Wander where I may, the all-pervading eye of the editor is upon me, his distance-annihilating hand is over me, and his behest must be obeyed.

The Editor Explains the Kodak

His behest, in this instance, was that I must carry a kodak. I explained to him that I would much rather not, but he was adamant. My articles must be illustrated, and how else could it be done? I explained to him that I was congenitally incapable of understanding the simplest mechanical arrangement, and that I should never be able to work so complicated an apparatus. He laughed my fears to scorn, and straightway produced the infernal machine. He entered on an explanation of the functions of its different parts, an explanation which was certainly both eloquent and patient, and would have been, no doubt, if addressed to anybody else, most instructive. Then he asked me, triumphantly, if I didn't see how beautifully simple it was? I said, yes, I did; I was ashamed to say anything else after he had been so nice and patient with me. I am not depreciating the kodak. Even I can see how beautifully ingenious it is, and people who know all about photography and photographic apparatus, and who handle the dread thing as if it were a kitten, say it is the best of its kind on the market. Since it is so written, I am going to learn how to work that kodak.

The readers of this first article will understand, however, that the pictures which decorate my text are not the products of *my* kodak. I disdain to strut in borrowed plumes. When pictures of my taking begin to appear, the fact that they *are* mine shall be stated, modestly, but unmistakably.

Prosperous-looking Country Folk

I arrived at Basingstoke by the 2.15 from Waterloo, travelling in as comfortable a carriage as even that most comfortable of lines, the London and South Western, ever provided for the pleasure of its patrons. Having deposited my knapsack and the incubus at an hotel, I started on a tour of the town. And a very fascinating place it is, with its picturesque jumble of old and modern architecture, its tortuous, up-and-down thoroughfares. Frequent lines and clumps of trees lend it a quite indescribably *riant* and pleasant air; it suggests a town built amid a wood, or a wood that, smitten with a desire for human society, had come to populate the vacant spaces of a town. One circumstance struck me greatly, the—at all events apparent—prosperity of

and people. It was Saturday afternoon, and the streets were thronged with the townsfolk and with visitors from the surrounding villages, and everybody, within his or her degree, looked well-dressed and flourishing. Also—"Excuse my folly," as Byron said, when writing on a similar theme—I have never yet been in a place in which the women are so uniformly attractive. I have seen some hundreds of them during my afternoon's wanderings; nearly all are pretty, and many downright beautiful. I am more than ever resolved to conquer the mysteries of the kodak.

I fixed, as the limit of my first day's tramp, the little town of Whitchurch, thirteen miles away. It is not a distance that even a moderately good pedestrian need feel any pride in accomplishing, provided he be in good training. But I have gone rather soft after a prolonged time in town, and I must own to being fairly well gruelled by the time I reach my destination. The road, underneath a two-inch coating of dust, is as hard as marble, and not a single cloud of even the thinnest texture tempers the heat of the August sun. The weather is gorgeous, the country beautiful, the almost continuous lines of foliage on either side of the way are in the perfection of their summer glory of leafage, and yet the strongest effect produced upon me by this, my first day of pilgrimage, is one of desolation. The road itself is but thinly frequented, the average number of people I meet or pass would be about one per quarter of an hour; but the rich expanses of country on either hand are empty of human life from horizon to horizon. In these parts, the harvests have all been carried. Even if harvesting were yet in full career, it would not add greatly to the merely human interest of the road; machinery has expelled the peasant from the field of his former activity. Every now and then a motor-bicycle clicks and splutters past me, and motor-cars, raising square acres of dust, through which their begoggled and white-veiled occupants loom like phantoms, shake the solid earth beneath their bulk and speed.

A view of Andover

A Pedestrian on Motors

I learn for the first time to-day that there must be many thousands of people in England to whom the existence of the motor-car is a very real and a very serious grievance—those, namely, gentle and simple, rich and poor, who dwell on the borders of the country high roads traversed by these vehicles. The flower gardens which used to bloom in front of cottages and villas, and which were not the least charming accidents that met the eye of the tired wayfarer, are growing rapidly rarer, and will soon be things altogether of the past. The dust flung from the wheels of the motor-cars kills the flowers. That is perhaps a merely poetic or, if you will, sentimental grievance. But there is another of a more practical kind, and one which seriously affects the public health. For most hours of the day, people, whose houses abut upon the highway, are condemned to a lack of fresh air almost as complete as that which afflicts the inhabitants of a city slum. To have a window open is to have its furniture soiled, and its lighter decorations in the way of curtains and other textile fabrics quickly ruined. I am told that these nuisances are having their natural and inevitable consequences in lessening the demand for dwellings so situated, and that in consequence their rents are falling. I am not writing as an enemy of the motor-car, for at least two good reasons. *Imprimis*, it would be useless to do so. The motor has come to stay. *Secundus*, it has great capacities of social usefulness. It has already done something, and will in time do more, towards restoring to prosperity the good old country hostelries of which we read in the pages of Fielding and Dickens, which were well-nigh altogether disestablished by the introduction of the locomotive. During the holidays it keeps in England much capital which would otherwise be spent upon the Continent. It will, as Mr. Wells has eloquently pointed out, be a powerful agent in depopulating the towns and repopulating the country round about them. But one is sorry for the people who suffer by them, none the less, and hopes that some sort of *modus vivendi* may be arrived at.

The Great Tramp Army

To the light-hearted gentry who skim over the face of the country on cycles and motor-cars, the Agricultural Question—in common, I should fancy, with most other social problems—makes no appeal. But to the sober pedestrian, trudging slowly along the highway, certain aspects of this great and complicated question insist on being remarked. The mere human gregarious instinct which prompts him to exchange a passing word with the rare figures he encounters, ends by making him something, if ever so little, of a sociologist. A goodly proportion of these scattered figures he discovers to be tramps in search, more or less sincere, of work. The Tramp is pretty generally a loquacious person, and, like the majority of loquacious folk, his favourite theme is himself. There is little difficulty in pumping him; his simple words are at anybody's service. A mile or two beyond Basingstoke, I began to fall in with specimens of the Great Army, whose headquarters are nowhere, who have no organisation, no officers, no general plan of campaign, but which, were its scattered recruits solidified into a phalanx, would, probably, outnumber the British Land Forces. Sturdy, well-built fellows, as a rule, and presenting a generally healthy appearance. Civil-spoken, also, and with a quite remarkably good manner of address, rustic though it be, equally far removed from insolence and servility.

A pretty view of Salisbury Cathedral

A Vagrant Philosopher

One among them, who happened to be going my way for a mile or so, till he branched off at a cross-road, interested me a good deal. Originally of a swarthy complexion, he had been tanned by the wind and roasted by the sun to an almost negro blackness. He gave me "Good-day," as I came up with him, in a brogue as wide as the Irish Sea. Was he looking for work? I asked. Sure, he was, but it would take a microscope to find it. What was his trade? He had none; he was "just a labourer." How long had he been out of a job? He had not had a regular berth since the Spring. How had he managed to get along? He got an odd job now and then. Yesterday, he had tidied up an old lady's garden, and she had given him a shilling and his dinner. He slept in the open, the weather was fine, and, sure, he was used to it. Had he ever tried the workhouse? He never had, though he supposed he'd have to come to it, some day. What did he think was the cause of the general badness of things? He summed it up in one word—machinery. There was no call for hand-labour, the machines did everything. This I have found to be the universal view of the tramp-class as to the secret of the prevailing hard times. It was noticeable, and, to me, rather curious, that they spoke without the slightest bitterness. The Luddite fury of their fathers and grandfathers has quite passed away. The machine is accepted as a fact like another, like the weather, or death.

A Roadside Acquaintance

Another of my brief roadside acquaintances was made with a carter, a sun-tanned, merry, selfish sort of fellow. Distress? No, he didn't know as things was worse than they always was. In some ways, they was better than he remembered them when he was a boy. His father had had only eleven shillings a week, out of which he had had to pay rent. *He* got fifteen, and a cottage rent free. Why the men was going off the country-side? Well, the machines had drew a good few, and a lot went to the towns to try and better theirselves, especially them as lived near the towns. But there was work enough yet, for all the machines, for sober, steady chaps. Look at *him!* He was nigh on fifty, and never been out of work not twelve months all told. Might not there be a spice of luck in that? I asked. Well, yes, he admitted, after a moment's reflection. Perhaps he had had a bit of luck. He'd married two wives and buried 'em both.

HENRY MURRAY.

(To be continued next week)

Leopardstown Races: Second Summer Meeting

Lord Dudley, the Lord-Lieutenant, leaving the Races

A "nice soft" morning, as it is termed in Ireland, gave little prospects of fine weather for the concluding day at Leopardstown, but the afternoon broke fine, and the attendance was all it should be. The Lord-Lieutenant and the Countess of Dudley were prominent in a gathering which included, among many others, Lord and Lady Iveagh, the Chief Secretary and Lady Doreen Long, Lord Castlemaine, General Arthur Paget, Mr. Percy Wyndham, Mr. C. J. Blake, Lord Enniskillen, Colonel W. Hall Walker, M.P., Major Eustace, Sir Timothy O'Brien, and Mr. Richard Croker, the celebrated American "boss"

The August Plate, a selling handicap Flat Race of 100 sovs.

Won by Mr. J. J. Parkinson's "Shining Armour." The winner started 5 to 4 against. Mr. P. Hedermon's "Yellow Lily," and Mr. H. J. Hall's "Nippon," were placed

Hunters at the Dublin Horse Show

Judging Hunters in Ring 5: Four-year-old geldings up to 15 stone

"Glenaar," belonging to Mr. Laverty, of Dungannon, came out on top, and was also awarded the Hunters' Challenge Cup

Weight-carrying Hunters showing their paces

Around the Dublin Horse Show

Lord Dudley and Lord Ardilaun

Coming in from the centre hall at lunch time

The Royal Dublin Hors

AN EXCELLENT VIEW OF THE SHOW PREMISE

It is difficult to believe that the Royal Dublin Horse Show—the finest and most important of its kind in the world—is an institution but thirty-eight years old. The Horse Show had a very humble beginning, being held in a yard in Kildare Street. This year, preparations for the great event broke out on the Show premises on the Su in the veterinary paddock. But the dam

se Show at Ballsbridge

SES: JUDGING THE DOUBLE-HARNESS CLASS

were retarded by a disastrous fire which unday, destroying over one hundred boxes nage was quickly repaired, and had no effect upon the Show, which in entries and attendance marked an advance upon last year.

OUR SHORT STORY

THE THIRD "M"

By LEONARD MERRICK

Otto Van Norden wrote ballads that were popu'ar; but to attain this eminence he had in his youth sacrificed commercial prospects which might easily have provided him with wealth. So he often lamented his choice of a career as a terrible mistake. Nevertheless, as he had some private means, his life was no martyrdom, though he aspired vainly to a mansion and a motor. He had pleasant rooms, a good tailor, was frequently to be seen at the second-best restaurants, and spent as much of his time as possible on the Continent. It was, indeed, Van Norden who shocked the owner of a confession book by describing his favourite pastime as "Leaving England," and his pet aversion as "Coming back to it."

In London, one evening, he went to a public dinner, and found himself next to a City man whose name was "Drysdale." Van Norden knew that it was "Drysdale," only because the card before the man's plate was written in a very legible hand, and he wondered slightly why his neighbour was so pleased to meet him. Before the sorbet was served, he concluded that Mr. Drysdale wanted something, though it was difficult to conjecture what favour a City man could have to ask.

"By the way," said Mr. Drysdale, presently, "there's a point on which you might tell me something. As regards poetry for songs, what is the usual way to set about disposing of it?"

"It is offered," explained Van Norden, with a wave of the hand, "it is offered to the composers, to the publishers. I get hundreds of lyrics sent to me—hundreds!"

"I suppose so," said Mr. Drysdale. "No good, eh?"

"No good, no. Some are pretty verses, but they are not lyrics—or, if they are lyrics, they don't appeal to me."

"I'm afraid I don't distinguish between lyrics and verses," admitted the City man, smiling; "these things are out of my line. But my daughter, who is an immense admirer of your songs, writes very charming poetry—very charming poetry indeed! Some of it has appeared in the magazines—and she's ambitious to have it sung. It occurred to me that you might be able to tell me how she ought to set about it."

"Let her send me some of it. If she likes to send me some of it, I will read it with pleasure, and give her my advice," said the composer cordially.

Such cordiality means nothing at public dinners, of course; but among the manuscripts signed "Violet Drysdale," which reached Van Norden on the next morning but one, there happened to be a serenade that he found attractive. The air for it came to him while he was being shaved, and in the course of a few days he dropped a line to Dulwich—the Drysdales lived at Dulwich—saying that he would be happy to set it, and inquiring the lady's idea of its pecuniary value.

For response, he received a warm invitation to dine there, and—though, when the night came, he wished that he had sent an excuse—he went.

The house was not the abode of a commercial magnate, but the girl was extremely pretty. Also, the cooking and the wines were very fair; Van Norden was glad that he had gone. He felt on very good terms with himself as he swept cadenzas on the piano, and elaborated the melody that he had written; he felt even more victorious as he saw the look in Miss Drysdale's eyes when she thanked him.

"Remember that we're always at home on Sunday," said Mrs. Drysdale; and Van Norden didn't forget. There was a garden, and the family strolled about the lawn in couples; Van Norden strolled with Violet for a while. He called her "My collaborator," and her parents laughed as loudly as if he had made the most brilliant joke since Sydney Smith died. The composer was just forty, and forty is a dangerous age in man; he fell in love.

He was a selfish person, though he inclined to lyrics like "Heaven Were a Blank Without Thee," and "My Life for My Lady's Glove," and he battled against the temptation bravely. Violet was young, captivating, and sang his ballads with considerable expression—he had really no chance. He took a wife, and a villa in Dulwich; and if the music pirates hadn't begun to be so industrious, it is possible that he might have escaped regret, even in the suburb that looks like a cemetery.

To write popular songs in a country where stolen music may be exposed for sale on every kerbstone, butters no parsnips; and for matrimony the composer's private means were a tight fit. Not many quarter-days had elapsed before he felt that his marriage had been as big a blunder as his profession. "Music and marriage!" sighed Van Norden to the long, sad, empty roads of Dulwich; "but for music and marriage how well off I might have been!" And then it struck him that both the ca lities of his life began with an M.

Some men might have attached no importance to it; Otto Van Norden was impressed. He said that it was queer, this influence of the initial "M"—he was of the opinion that it "meant something." Perhaps there was a warning to be derived? Yes, that must be it! If a third catastrophe occurred, doubtless the third, too, would be alliterative—and perhaps fatal. M was evidently an initial ominous to him, an initial to be shunned. From that moment he grew nervous of things beginning with an M. He abandoned the wish to revisit Mentone; and he would not have

(All rights strictly reserved) (Continued on page 444)

Back from the Divorce Court

"O, do tell us all about it!"
"My dears, it is not nearly so dreadful as you hope"

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD

(Continued from page 442)

attempted a march if his publishers had begged for one.

More quarter days flashed by, and, meanwhile, his fortunes remained unchanged. Self-respecting citizens still bought the stolen music, the private income was still a tight fit, and Dulwich was still the most melancholy of the suburbs. Then, when he had been married for three annual rentals, and a water-rate over, hopes were entertained of a son and heir—and Violet suggested calling him "Marmaduke." The composer was profoundly agitated; her proposal was no caprice—she had an uncle Marmaduke with money—and Van Norden knew very well that opposition must appear to her unreasonable, since he could not explain it without hurting her feelings.

He contested the point with tact. Kindly, but firmly, he disparaged the name of "Marmaduke" for months, all through the spring in fact. It was a name, he pointed out, more adapted to an elderly gentleman of portly presence than to a baby. It was not a tractable name, not amenable to abbreviation. Assuming that the child had a sensitive disposition, Violet would condemn him to years of suffering, for a boy who was christened "Marmaduke" would, when he went to school, certainly be called "Marmalade." The last argument was at once successful; Violet's eyes filled with tears, and as she thanked her husband for sparing the "poor little fellow" the consequences of her thoughtlessness, the composer's relief was deeper than any who mock presentiments can understand.

This was the first "M" that had menaced him since he perceived the significance of the initial to him, and nothing else noteworthy occurred until November. One day in November, when a pink-and-white bassinette was in readiness for the "little fellow's" advent, the master of the house awoke, feeling as if he had a marble under his tongue. He did not mention the matter to Violet, but breakfasting with such an unfamiliar mouth was so discomforting that he sent the servant up to Dr. Lachlan, with a request to him to look in during the morning.

"I don't know what's happened to my mouth, Lachlan," he said; "it's for all the world as if a marble had rolled underneath the tongue in the night."

"Let us have a look at it," said the medical man. "Ah! Yes! Y-e-s, that hasn't come in the night—it's been coming for some time."

"Is it serious?"

"No, not necessarily. It wants removing."

"Removing?" echoed Van Norden. "What do you mean by 'removing'—you don't mean 'operating'? Don't you think a—a good lotion——?"

"Oh, no, we shall have to operate," said Dr. Lachlan. "You may put it at the morning after next. Meantime, I'll get a competent anæsthetist, and arrange about a nurse for you."

"But—but it's very serious indeed," faltered the composer, dismayed. "Am I sure to get better? People sink under operations; we know that every operation is 'performed successfully,' but the patient often dies the next day. What's the matter with me; what have I got?"

"It's what we call 'Myxoma.'"

"My God!" exclaimed Van Norden. "It begins with an M!"

He was now intensely alarmed for himself. He was also alarmed lest the news reached the ears of Violet, who was in no condition to be told such things. However, on the next morning but one, she was unable to rise, so the preliminaries passed unnoticed by her. In a room on the first floor, Madame awaited the arrival of the son and heir; in a room on the second, Monsieur awaited the arrival of the surgeon. Few circumstances could have been more adverse to marital tranquility; few circumstances, therefore, could have been less favourable to the operation.

The first person to tap at the second floor door was the nurse engaged by Dr. Lachlan.

"Good morning, nurse," said Van Norden. "Nobody has come yet; sit down, make yourself at home."

"Thank you," said the nurse. She added sympathetically, putting on her apron: "It's a trying time for you, I hear, what with one thing and another, sir?"

Lachlan came in, as blithely as if it were a party. "Well, how are we this morning?" he asked. "Good spirits? That's right! You'll be glad you've had this done—you'll feel much better, once it's over. Ah, there's the man I'm waiting for! 'Morning, Major."

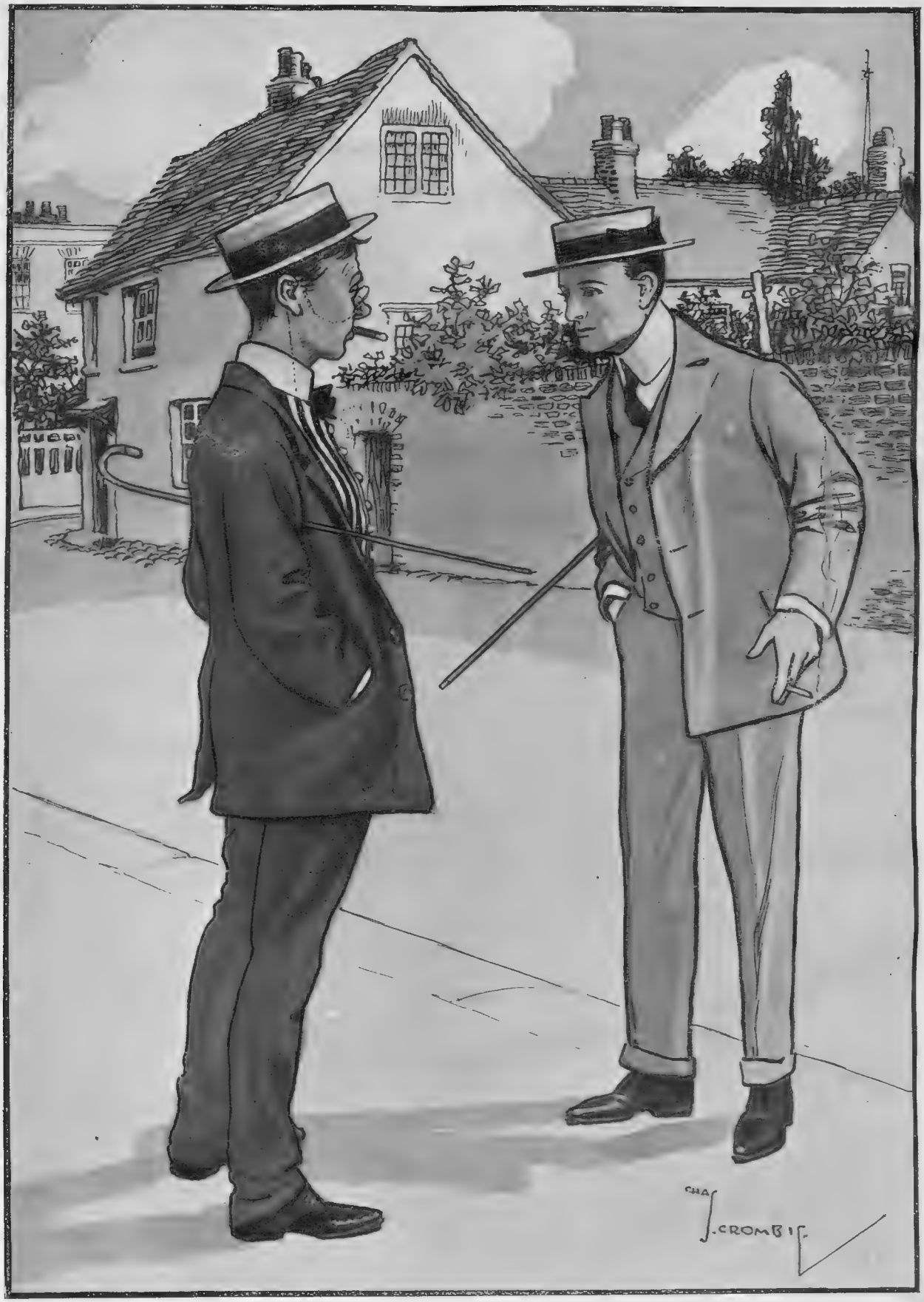
"Er—Dr. Major, pleased to meet you," murmured the composer, feebly untruthful. Already the bedroom was taking a strange aspect to him, the aspect of a hospital. Bandages and bottles seemed to have sprung from nowhere. Lachlan poured fluids briskly in basins before the window, and Major set out mysterious articles from a black bag on the chest of drawers. The paraphernalia spread incessantly, and the nurse continued, as if by magic, to produce sheets and cans of hot water without having quitted the room.

"I think we'll move the bed, nurse," said Lachlan, and they pulled it into the middle of the floor. The anæsthetist felt the patient's pulse, and applied the stethescope; and Van Norden noticed for the first time that the pattern of the wall-paper resembled pink mushrooms in bunches of vermicelli.

An oppressive "tent" was placed over his mouth. He felt very helpless, very childish, all at once. The vapour of the "A. C. E." grew suffocating; his heart began to thump as if it would burst. He signalled the danger to Lachlan, and Lachlan gave a nod. Van Norden glared impotently—he was sure that he was the victim of a blunder, that this pounding of the heart was too violent to be safe. Now, there was a roaring in the ears. The idiots were killing him—and he was gagged, defenceless! Momentarily he was faint with terror, and then a lethargy, which he mistook for courage, stole through him; it surprised him to perceive with what stoicism he confronted death. Yes, he was listless! After all, it was not unpleasant. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered. Nothing mattered in the least.

His next impression was of being very cramped. On the horizon of his consciousness lurked the remembrance of the operation, and he assumed vaguely that it was over. He lay waiting to be congratulated, wondering why nobody spoke to him. Had he been left alone? He felt so bewilderingly limp that he

(Continued on page 456)



["*To be asked for the name of one's tailor is to be awarded the diploma of the Distinguished and Noble Order of Bloods.*"—DAILY PAPER.]

HE OF THE CIGARETTE: "Excuse me, Perkins, but which tailor makes your clothes?"
HE OF THE CIGAR *(flattered)*: "Spiffkins, of Alders Street"
HE OF THE CIGARETTE: "Thanks! I'll take jolly good care he doesn't make mine"

DRAWN BY CHARLES CROMBIE

(Continued from page 444)

couldn't turn, but he opened his mouth to say, "Are you there, Lachlan?"—and to his horror, emitted nothing but a baby's bleat. His mouth remained open with amazement, and gigantic fingers suddenly thrust something sickening into it, while an unfamiliar voice made ridiculous noises at him.

Consternation held Van Norden spellbound. There were seconds in which he feared that he was insane. Presently another thought assailed him, one so startling that his blood ran cold. Minutes passed, minutes too terrible for words to paint. He gathered the fortitude to examine as much as was exposed of his person — the hands belonging to him were minute—the hands of an infant! He stared at them aghast and shuddering. There could be no doubt of it—he had died under the operation, and been born again! All that was natural enough, but the unforeseen and fearful thing was that he still remembered.

He was once more a baby. Whose? The immense import of the question throbbed in him. Where he lay, he could see no more of the room than the ceiling, and he was unable to judge whether he had been reincarnated in a mansion or a hovel. There had been a Royal princess expecting a baby, he reflected; "Great Scott!" thought Van Norden, "suppose I'm Royalty this time?" But the remaining pessimism in him rejected the fancy almost as it rose. "Too good to be true!" he mused. "I expect my father's a beggarly artist, or a curate—I don't suppose I'm even an only child! It's a ghastly situation — I wonder at what age one begins to forget?"

The woman with the gigantic fingers—or fingers comparatively gigantic—was speaking to someone now, and Van Norden listened intently, in the hope of ascertaining something of his prospects.

"Yes," said the woman; "and her, too, poor soul —don't know anything about it yet, of course; they won't tell her for days. He died a moment before the mite was born. Yes, they say the operation was quite successful, but he didn't rally—too weak, you know. Oh, awfully sad!"

"Grant me patience!" thought Van Norden; "I might have known it—I'm in that damned house in Dulwich still!"

"A quiet little thing—poor orphan, ain't it?" the monthly nurse went on; and then she leant over the cradle, and made the ridiculous noise at him again. In a burst of fury, Van Norden tried to swear at her, but he could only produce the baby's bleat. He yearned to be quiet—to be left undisturbed—there was so much to consider. He had allowed his life policy to lapse, and now he bitterly repented the false economy. He wondered what the furniture would fetch, and if Violet would be enabled to bring him up properly. Perhaps his father-in-law would come to her assistance?—his "grandfather" he ought to say now! It would be a pretty kettle of fish if his widow —that was to say, his "mother"—were left to her own resources! What would become of him? A Board school and a junior clerkship! "I suppose it's entirely problematical whether I shall even inherit my musical talent?" mused the unhappy infant. "It's a nice look-out for me, I must say!"

"But there," added the woman, "a girl baby always does keep quieter than a boy—I'm always thankful to see it a girl. Ookytooky, then! Ain't I, my precious? Lor', the blessed lamb's choking!"

Van Norden had, indeed, turned purple in the face. A girl! Culminating calamity, a girl! The blankness of the girl's outlook, the poverty of the marriage that she must expect to make was overwhelming. "Why," Van Norden asked herself passionately, "*why* has this thing happened to me? Among all the births that were taking place in the world, couldn't they have spared me a decent one? I don't harp on a palace, but, say, reasonable advantages? Opulent people are having sons every minute, yet *I* must go as the daughter of a widow in straitened circumstances! Upon my soul, it's heartrending."

However, when she and Violet met again, she was somewhat consoled by the warmth of her mother's welcome; and after the news of the bereavement was broken, the young widow cooed so tenderly of the manifold virtues of "darling papa," that Van Norden was quite touched. "A good sort," meditated Van Norden, as Violet joggled her up and down; "I had no idea at the time that she appreciated me so much."

In hours of comparative resignation there was nothing more fascinating to Van Norden, while she lay in the pink-and-white bassinette, than to mark the development of her new identity—the process by which the trivial pains and pleasures of the moment attained supreme importance, and the pressing anxieties which beset her at the hour of her birth, became gradually blurred. The fact would have appeared incredible to the baby formerly, had she heard with how little fret and jar the human mind adapted itself to another form and sex; she would not have believed the Ego could renounce so easily its interest in many matters which, to its previous incarnation, had been absorbing. And doubtless, she reflected, she would disbelieve it again later.

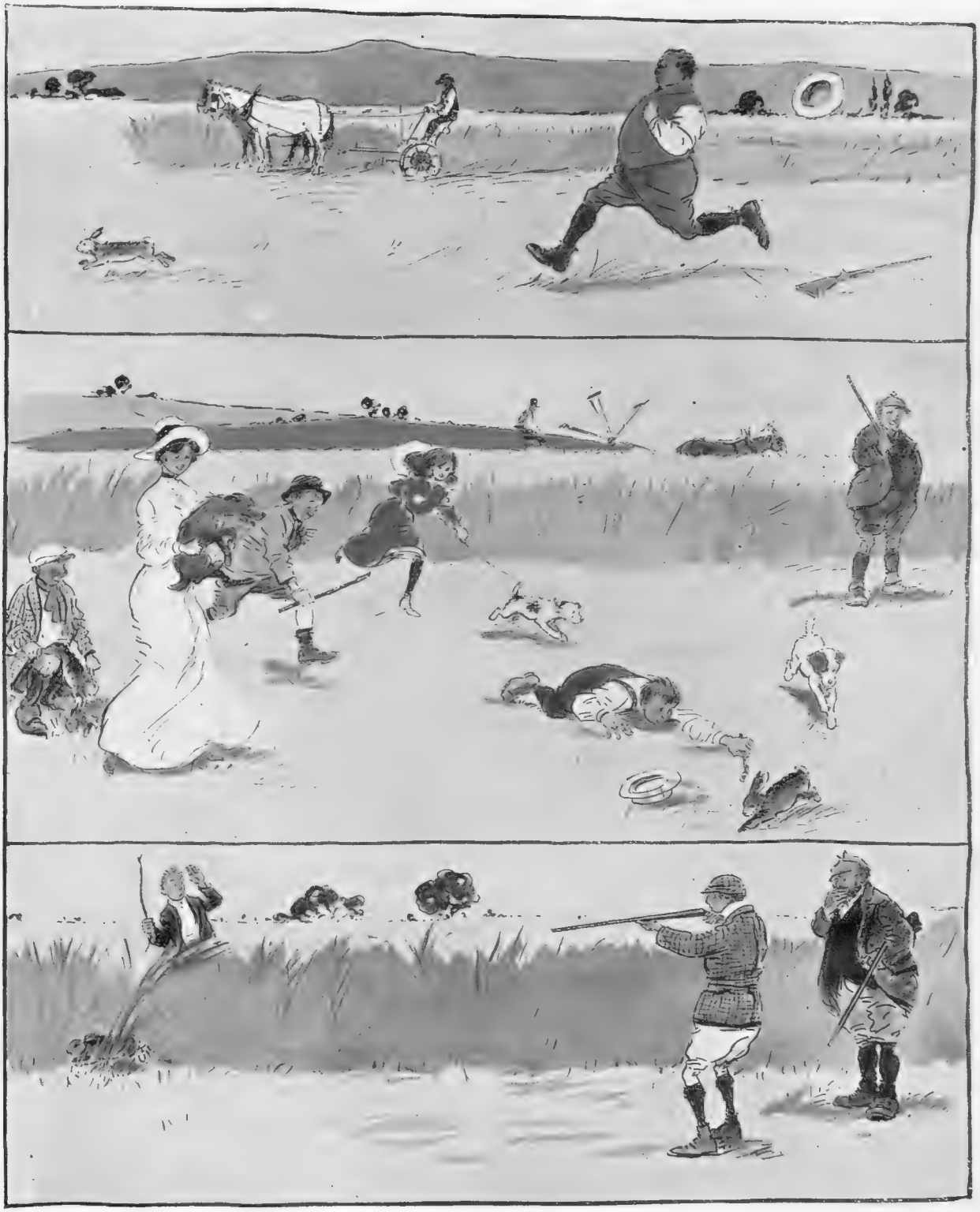
Her attitude towards the bottle, for instance, fascinated her extremely. At first, she had regarded it with disdain. Even when she recognised its suitability to her physical needs, she had merely tolerated the thing as a disagreeable necessity. This contempt, this suction under protest, was very brief. Soon she grew to relish the bottle, to clamour for it when it was late. Then, too, she was able to extract amusement from a coral-and-bells, and was again engrossed by the ticking of a watch. "Marvellous," thought Van Norden, while she hovered at the parting of the ways, "marvellous thing, Nature, upon my word!" But, a trifle humiliated at moments like these, she would throw the coral, or watch, on the floor, and set up a howl. The devoted Violet often mistook her humiliation for a pin, and undressed her —an indignity which annoyed Van Norden more still.

Before she was six weeks old, Van Norden had ceased to consider the financial position, and accepted without questioning who provided; she began to yield to the charm of the bottle and the watch unreservedly, and had scarcely a remaining care. Only while she plucked at Violet's *crêpe*, the past whispered in her, and a dim consciousness that the relations between her mother and herself were involved, clouded the infantile brow.

"What's she thinking about, a love?" Violet would

(Continued on page 448)

Sport in Season



RABBIT-HUNTING AT HARVEST-TIME

(1) A stern chase (2) Rabbit up! (3) The novice

DRAWN BY LANCE THACKERAY

(*Continued from page 446*)

murmur, swaying her to and fro. "Doesn't she look worried, a pet!" And from the lap that was once Van Norden's wife's, Van Norden would raise great eyes to her solemnly.

When eight or nine months had passed, this glimmer of memory, which had then become nearly extinct, was fanned to ardour by a painful circumstance. They had gone to Dieppe with Violet's parents, and in the hotel Violet made the acquaintance of a Major somebody. The acquaintance had progressed when Van Norden was first brought in contact with him in the gardens, and the gentleman paid the pretty widow marked attentions, and grinned at her baby propitiatingly.

"*Jolly little chap!*" remarked the Major, worrying Van Norden with a forefinger.

"It's a little girl, Major," said Violet, smiling reproval.

"Oh, confound it all! I mean, how stupid of me!" faltered the Major. "Lovely little thing, anyhow. I suppose you're awfully proud of her, Mrs. Van Norden, eh? The only pebble on the beach, what? It seems awfully rum to see you with a baby, though—you look such a girl, don't you know!"

"What nonsense!" said Violet, blushing; "I'm an elderly woman if one counts one's age by one's troubles." She glanced significantly at her weeds, and sighed.

"Oh, ah, of course, I understand; I—I can sympathise, I can indeed. But you shouldn't think of your troubles too much, Mrs. Van Norden, if I may say so—you should buck up. Life, after all, is——." He struggled with his eye-glass, and failed to enunciate his sentiments on life.

"Life is very, very strange," said Violet, gazing pensively at the sea.

"Isn't it?" said the Major, eagerly. "Just fancy, it's only a week since I met you; what?"

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of that," she murmured.

"I am," said the Major, "I think of it lots. It seems so rum, don't you know, that I'd never seen you till a week ago. Don't you think that sometimes people meet who were meant to meet, and that for them a week scores more than years and years of society between people who—well, who only happen to meet because they're introduced, don't you know?"

Van Norden lay communing with herself. In the little brain the voice of the past cried for recognition. She eyed the adults darkly, agitated by the sense of a tragedy which she sought piteously to define. The soul of the baby sprawling on the cushions was symptomatic of marital jealousy, though the mind failed to diagnose the disease. Distressed and puzzled, Van Norden burst into startling screams, and kicked her little limbs about furiously. Violet was unable to pacify her, and, much alarmed, was about to despatch the Major for the nurse, when through the windows of the salon came the prelude to a song, and someone began to sing "Heaven Were a Blank Without Thee." The baby's paroxysm ceased almost at once; her gaze grew wide. Striking her ear when it did, the ballad that she had created in her preceding incarnation revivified her consciousness of the former life. The veil was rent; the female infant was at heart a husband—and looking in the faces of Violet and her new lover, Van Norden remembered all.

She could say nothing—speech was not yet granted to her—could not proclaim, "I am Otto!" though she beheld her widow wooed by another man. Life holds no moment more terrible than an experience like this. Nor did her agony fade with her banishment from the scene. On the contrary, her helplessness intensified her sufferings; too young as yet to toddle, incapable of intruding where she wished, Van Norden was constantly racked by tortures of the imagination. Consumed with jealousy, and craving to be in the salon, she was compelled to lie fuming in her cot—or was strapped in her perambulator, while her frenzied fancy followed Violet and the Major into the Casino.

Soon she employed the only weapons in her power, and kicked and screamed as often as an attempt was made to remove her from Violet's presence. By this means she witnessed much that would otherwise have been hidden from her; was, indeed, a witness of her successor's proposal. Stricken with resentment, the babe that had once been the widow's husband lay in her lap while the Major begged her to be his wife.

"I know it's a bit early for me to speak," he stammered, "but I can't help it—if I let you go away without telling you how much I care for you, I might never see you again. Only give me a word—I'll wait. I'll be as patient as I can, but tell me that there's a chance for me."

She was silent a long while; evidently she was much moved. At last she murmured, "I don't know what to say."

"Can't you care a bit for me?"

"Oh, it isn't that!" she owned tearfully.

"Darling! Dearest!"

"Sh!" she said. "You oughtn't! It's so soon; and—Oh! I don't know, there's so much to consider! There's my child." She clasped Van Norden protectively.

"You don't suppose I'd be rough on it?" cried the Major. "Why, I give you my word—just as if it were my own! Violet, in a few months' time? Will you marry me in a few months' time?"

He leant lower, and she raised her gaze; the next instant they had kissed across Van Norden's head.

All the rekindled manhood in the infant's consciousness flamed to avenge the outrage, burned to strike the supplanter down, to destroy him The disparity between the virile impulse and the tiny frame was maddening. Purpling with shame and indignation, Van Norden reared to spit at him, but could only dribble.

No child of nine months is capable of supporting such a mental strain, and soon afterwards Violet had to send in hot haste for a medical man. He spoke gravely of removing something from the brain.

"'Removing' something? You don't mean 'operating'?"

"Yes, we shall have to operate," answered the doctor, and Van Norden was kept in her cot.

There was a morning when a trained nurse came to her side, putting on an apron, and the surgeon followed. Violet and the Major were present, the Major soothing her.

"Life is very, very strange!" said Violet

(Illustrating our Short Story, "The Third 'M'") *DRAWN BY P. B. HICKLING*

"I think we'll move the bed," said the surgeon, and Van Norden lay staring through the window at the brilliant sky.

The room began to acquire a novel air. The nurse produced sheets, and cans of hot water from nowhere; the surgeon poured fluids in basins briskly. The Major set out mysterious articles from a black bag on the chest of drawers. The sky developed a pattern of pink mushrooms and bunches of vermicelli—and Van Norden came to his senses.

He saw Lachlan looking at him. "Well, how do you feel?" asked Lachlan. "We've got rid of your Myxoma for you. And your wife's first rate! You've a little son waiting downstairs—fine boy too!"

"Little boy?" murmured the composer drowsily. "No, I was a little girl."

"Not quite come round yet, nurse," said Lachlan; "let him sleep the rest of it off, and he'll be as right as rain!"

LEONARD MERRICK.

Roof Gardens in New York

A well-laid-out Roof Garden—

On an American hotel-top

ROOF GARDENS represent a reform in the amusements of the people which will never come about in England so long as the people continue to mistrust the weather. As a matter of fact, during the two last summers in England we have enjoyed ideal roof garden weather. The term Roof Garden almost explains itself, but these pleasances on the house-tops are now laid out, as the accompanying photographs show, on a most elaborate scale. Here New Yorkers repair in the dog days, after the heat and burden of the day. Seated at little tables, they are enabled, with the assistance of iced drinks, the refreshing breezes, and the entertainment, if not to imagine that they feel cool, at

An Example to London

Plant and Shrubbery—

least to forget the heat. The Roof Garden Entertainment, consisting of song and dance, with an occasional selection from the band, is of a light and airy quality, befitting the occasion. Apart from the regular Roof Garden, which is a place of entertainment, the roofs of the large hotels are now being laid out with plant and shrubbery so as to provide an ideal lounge after dinner. It may be added that these gardens are quite free from smuts, owing to the wise law which prohibits in America the burning of soft coal. There would need to be a change in this respect before the Roof Garden becomes a feature of London life.

On a Hotel Roof Garden

The Library

Russia and Japan still continue to occupy much space in our morning papers, and publishers seem to find in that fact a justification for issuing works on the two countries. Two works which we have recently added to our library shelves have, however, only an indirect bearing on the war, since they attempt to deal with the home-life of the people, and with those physical and psychical questions which are such powerful factors in the making or marring of national character. In *The Russian Revolutionary Movement*, by Konni Zilliacus (Alston Rivers: 7*s.* 6*d.*), the author has written a scientific analysis of that great political movement which, sooner or later, will surely result in the downfall of Russian Grand Ducal autocracy. Written in order to stimulate the Finns to active resistance against Russian oppression, this book is remarkable for the coolness and clearness with which its facts are set forth, sensational exposures, such as are to be found in cheap novels and *feuilletons*, being carefully disregarded. It was not to be expected that a book written with such a purpose could be altogether free from bias, yet this in no way detracts from its merit, while it certainly adds to its readableness. The cold narration of hard facts, which is the feature of scientific history, would be out of place here, one feels, in dealing with the causes and events described by Mr. Zilliacus. We can recommend this work as being a comprehensive and penetrative history of the internal unrest in Russia, and one which will rank as a standard work on the subject. The other work mentioned — *The Japanese Spirit*, by Okakura-Yoshisaburo (Constable: 3*s.* 6*d.*) — does for Japan what Mr. Zilliacus's book does for Russia. In the compass of some 130 pages, the Japanese author, with a command of our language truly wonderful in a foreigner, has given us the key which unlocks the secret of Japan's success. We learn from the author that had it not been for the "all-daring spirit of Bushido which has animated the people," Japan would never have been able to make the gigantic progress which she has been achieving in these last forty years. Bushido is the Japanese word which sums up the qualities of the Samurai, such qualities as "rectitude, courage, benevolence, politeness, veracity, loyalty, and a predominating sense of honour"—in short, it signifies very much what our own word "chivalry" signified in its best sense. The question which occurs to one is, "Will Japan preserve this spirit now that commercial greatness is coming to her?" The author has every confidence in his nation. "Bushido," he says, "has urged our Japan on for the last three centuries, and will continue to urge her on, on for ever, onward to her ideals of the true, the good, and the beautiful." The book contains a preface by Mr. George Meredith, who puts his finger on the reason for the Yellow Peril scare when he says, "Japan and China have had experience of Western nations, *and that is at the conscience of suspicious minds.*" A nasty knock this for the wielder of the "mailed fist."

"Blue Books," says Mr. Rider Haggard, in his Report on his recent visit to America, entitled *The Poor and the Land* (Longmans: 1*s.* 6*d.*), "never have been, and probably never will be, a popular branch of literature." This being the case, he has given us a red book, which, although a "blue book" in effect, differs by being interesting. There is no more pressing problem to-day than that of the unemployed. How to find work for the vast numbers of out-of-works to be found in our cities becomes increasingly difficult every year. Mr. Rider Haggard here suggests a solution which, since it does not breathe a word about "Land Nationalisation," "Single Tax," and other "counsels of perfection," as he calls such remedies, should find great favour with Conservative landowners. Mr. Rider Haggard's scheme, to use his own words, is "to combine a judicious use of the Public Credit with what I have called the 'waste forces of Benevolence,' and by means of these two levers to lift some of the mass of human misery, which demonstrates itself in the great cities of civilisation, to a new level of plenty and contentment." A laudable object in which everybody will sincerely wish Mr. Rider Haggard success, yet we believe that men as able and as sincere as himself still have hopes that a just system of land taxation will be instituted in this country, the effects of which would be to put thousands of acres of land, now lying idle, into cultivation, and so provide labour for many of the people he wishes to deport to Canada. In the meantime, Mr. Haggard's scheme, based as it is upon the experience gained by the Salvation Army in founding Colonies, might go far to relieve, temporarily, the present congestion evident on every hand. We have no space to enter into details. This book should be read by every thinking man, Mr. Rider Haggard's introduction alone being worth more than the small sum charged for it.

Books to Order This Week

General Literature, Etc.

The Russian Revolutionary Movement. By Konni Zilliacus. (Alston Rivers: 7*s.* 6*d.*)

The Japanese Spirit. By Okakura-Yoshisaburo. (Constable: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

British Fisheries. By James Johnstone. (Williams and Norgate: 10*s.* 6*d.*)

The Poor and the Land. By Rider Haggard. (Longmans: 1*s.* 6*d.*)

New Fiction

Knock at a Venture. By Eden Phillpotts. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

My Friend the Chauffeur. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

Twisted Eglantine. By H. B. Marriott Watson. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

The Ways of Lady Isabel. By Mrs. Neish. (Tallis Press: 1*s.*)

Very few people, save those intimately concerned, realise the great value of the fishing industry round our coasts. "At the present moment," says Mr. James Johnstone, in his recently published work on *British Fisheries* (Williams and Norgate: 10*s.* 6*d.*), "there are at least 27,000 vessels, manned by over 90,000 fishermen, engaged in fishing from the ports of the United Kingdom." In one year no less than 900,000 tons of fish are landed, valued at ten millions sterling. This means that on every weekday in the year 3,000 tons of fish are landed, for which the public pay £100,000. Therefore, it will be seen that our fisheries are important enough to rank as a national asset, not only from the financial point of view, but as an important food-producing industry. After impressing upon the reader their great importance, the author goes on to deal, in an authoritative manner, with the legislation, good and bad, which controls our fisheries, and devotes one section of the book to Fisheries Problems. Mr. Johnstone is the champion of the poorer classes of fishermen, who, he thinks, "should be encouraged as much as possible, for in no other section of the population of these islands are the qualities of originality, resourcefulness, and hardihood, so highly developed." At the present moment, there is the danger of the poorer man going under to the concentrated efforts of the wealthy fishing companies, a consummation which many, for other than sentimental reasons, will hope to see put off for many a long day.

A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

The Tyranny of the Daily Paper

A favourite fancy of mine is to take a long holiday in some inaccessible corner of the Scottish Highlands, and do nothing for weeks on end but read a score or two of books that I have always meant to read, and to re-read as many more that I read too early in life. But I fear this must ever remain a pleasant dream. Many a time have I packed my bag with a bundle of volumes I had fondly hoped to get through during a quiet holiday in the country; and as often have I come back to town with most of them still unread. The study fireside is the place to read books with full pleasure and profit. A boarding-house, even in the Highlands, where the London papers are unknown, is no place for reading, as I have been realising for the last week or two. Still, it is something to escape the tyranny of the daily paper for a little while. And that reminds me of a very interesting discussion at a literary club last winter, when one of the speakers grew plaintive about the reading of daily papers, which interferes so seriously with book-reading. I asked then, as I do now, Why be tyrannised by the daily paper? There are many literary men of my acquaintance whose forenoons are largely frittered away on the morning papers, and they complain that they have no time for books. For a good many years, and, I believe, successfully, I have followed, in a fashion, the method ascribed to Dana, of the New York *Sun*. He had all the chief newspapers brought to him by the office boy when he arrived each day, and (said the worthy youngster) "I hands him a paper, and he turns it over and runs his eye down every column quick as winkin', den chucks de paper on de floor. De same with dem all. Den I gadders 'em up again and takes 'em away." I do not attempt all the morning papers; but I find a quarter of an hour ample time to glance through three or four of them, and to gather all the news that interests me. This one can do before or immediately after breakfast, and put a book in the pocket for the train. It is wonderful how much reading one may get through in suburban train journeys. After the study, I find the train the best place for reading; immensely better than the country or the seaside. Where I have been rusticating, it is hopeless to get lost in a book: the country is so lovely, the air so balsamic, that one wishes to feast one's eyes on the first and to inhale as much as possible of the latter. You can't do this and read; and you do this! But to the daily traveller, the train and all the stations it passes through, even the passengers, become so familiar, that they do not get between him and his book. This is the day of the pocket edition, in consequence, I suppose, of the popularity of reading in the train; but I am not partial to pocket editions, as they leave such ugly gaps in one's book-shelves.

Mrs. M. Chan-Toon

Who has written some striking stories of the East, including "Told on the Pagoda," "Under Eastern Skies," and "A Marriage in Burmah," recently published by Greening and Co.

Poetic Glasgow

In one of the Glasgow papers, which came to the sea-girt isle where I have been rusticating, I noticed that the centenary of Dugald Moore's birth had occurred on August 12. Few of my readers will ever have heard his name; few even among Glaswegians. Yet Dugald Moore was a good poet, and had his life been spared, he might even have shown himself a great one. At his smallest he was greater than many a petted minor poet of our day. As a youth, his "Scenes from the Flood" and "The Bard of the North" moved me more than anything I had then read. To-day I might find them tame enough; but my memory of them persuades me that Moore had the true fire of poetry — glamour. He was, perhaps, a trifle flamboyant; but in his descriptive pieces—and, as I recall him, he excelled in depicting imaginative scenes rather than in his reflective passages—he had the sure instinct for the picture word. Moore was originally a worker in a tobacco factory, and thus in tune with the lowly origin of the numerous Glasgow poets of the early part of last century, most of whom, like him, died young. Motherwell, Rogers, Atkinson, Miller, and all the rest of these minor bards who contributed to "Whistle Binkie"—their name is legion! Glasgow may be smoky, but no other provincial town—unless it be Paisley—has mothered so many poets, good and middling. I am sometimes inclined to think that the predominance of the London press and publishing, which has made it impossible for provincial

towns to preserve an individual literary life such as Glasgow had in the earlier decades of last century, and Edinburgh more recently, is not altogether a good thing. Certainly, the local *litterateur*, be he poet or proseman, has small chance of a hearing nowadays.

Dr. George Macdonald

Another of the news items I have noted in my Highland fastness is that we are to have a "Life of George Macdonald," written by an intimate friend. It is announced that Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons are to publish this. They are the proprietors of Messrs. Isbister and Company, who would be the natural publishers of such a book; so it would seem that the latter firm is to be entirely absorbed in Pitman's. Certainly, there is room for a sympathetic life-story of Macdonald. He is the doyen of Scottish authors; he is the most universal in his range. And none have had so many adventures of the soul. By no means Scottish in his point of view, he is the greater that includes the less. For he can be parochial as any in his minuteness and fidelity to local character; but he has the undenominational temper of the philosopher and poet. He has written many excellent boys' stories—I remember especially "A Rough Shaking"—fairy tales, most of which have been recently republished by Mr. Fifield, in whose edition I have read several of them for the first time, poetry and fiction in abundance. "Alec Forbes" is my favourite of his books, so far as I know them, and his poetry, which I am only familiar with in a fragmentary way, seems to me the very best of the man, though his Scots stories are the most valuable products of the so-called kailyaird school, to which (after Galt) they may be said to have given birth. Macdonald, who is now in his eighty-first year, and has written nothing for many years, may be fairly regarded as one whose work is done, and of whom, though he still lives, a complete estimate may be framed. He spends most of his time at his villa at Bordighera, on the Italian Riviera.

A New Novelist

Friends who know the Orient have been urging me to read "A Marriage in Burmah," by Mrs. M. Chan-Toon, a novel recently published by Messrs. Greening and Co., and I confess it has come between me and some of those classics I meant to re-read this holiday. The reviewer is often in that unhappy state of having to read not what he cares to read, but what he has to read. I don't know how the critics have been treating "A Marriage in Burmah," but I should think that most of them who have read it will have praised it as having given them pleasure. I am quite willing to believe that we have a view of the real East in this striking story, which comes direct from experience and intensity of feeling. Certain novels of life in the East have had considerable vogue of late, but I doubt if any of them so well deserved to succeed as this truly realistic tale. I wonder if the writer's name is a *nom de guerre*. It sounds like one; but may not be so. At all events, I understand that the lady who bears it is a bright young Irishwoman, a native of Cork, who has spent close on eight years of her married life in Burmah, where she also got material for at least two other books, "Told on the Pagoda," and "Under Eastern Skies," the first of which I seem to remember, but not the second. Mrs. Chan-Toon, who became a widow last year, is at present settled in Ireland, where she can enjoy that country life she prefers to all others. She is a young novelist of whom we are sure to have further account.

Galt.

Work and Play at the Seaside: A group of keen amateur fishermen

Hatless Women in Church

Crantock Church, Newquay, now closed by the vicar in protest against lady visitors who enter the church without hats

"If the Blind lead the Blind," etc.

Around the pretty old country church illustrated here, is raging a controversy which has taken its place amongst the questions which agitate newspaper readers in what is justly known as the "Silly Season." The action of the Rev. G. M. Parsons in closing the church except during the hours of divine service, in protest against the lady visitors from Newquay who enter the church without hats, has called down upon his head some strong comments. It remains to be seen whether the Vicar can brave out the storm he has created, for opinion seems to be generally unanimous that the reverend gentleman has, like so many of his cloth, helped to spread the belief that the Church to-day is often not represented by the right men. The Church should move with the times, and not be wedded to precedent, which, though it had its significance perhaps many years ago, is now senseless and out-of-date. If ladies, who are without hats, wish to enter a church to pray, why shouldn't they?

Interior of Crantock Church, Newquay

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The United States Amateur Championship

Coming somewhat later in the season than our own competition, the American Amateur Championship has just been fought out, with the result that the holder, Mr. H. Chandler Egan, has repeated his success of last year. Not having had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Egan play, I must take a line through Mr. Travis to enable me to judge approximately what his form may be. To be sure, Mr. Egan and Mr. Travis did not meet in the tournament just concluded, but as Mr. Founes, who beat Mr. Travis, was himself beaten by Mr. Sawyer, who succumbed to Mr. Egan in the final to the tune of six up and five to play, we may safely say that in Mr. Egan, America possesses a golfer of first-rate ability. We have another means of judging him from the fact that two years ago, during the tour of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, he defeated Mr. Norman Hunter by four and two in the final of an important competition. When we find such a fine golfer as Mr. Travis proved himself last year, not even reaching the semi-finals of the American Amateur Championship, we may safely draw the inference that the United States can now claim the services of a formidable team of amateurs in any International event that may be arranged in the near future. Americans are proverbially quick and adaptable, but I question whether they have ever proved the truth of the proverb more emphatically than in the game of golf. It is a surprising fact that their Amateur Championship is only nine years junior to ours, theirs having been instituted in 1895 and ours only in 1886. Out of the eleven American tournaments, Mr. Travis and Mr. Egan claim five wins between them.

Youthful Champions

Mr. Egan, who is only twenty-one years old, is an Illinois man, and was educated at Harvard — that fine counterpart to our Oxford and Cambridge—a seat of learning that numbers among its sons so many famous and distinguished men, past and present, of the United States. Mr. Egan, humanly speaking, must have a long and distinguished golfing career before him, and it is rather a remarkable thing that both the British and American Amateur Championships should have been won by two such young men as Mr. Barry and Mr. Egan. It is evident that the youthful brigade on both sides of the herring pond mean to assert themselves more and more. It would be a most interesting thing to see a match between these two youthful champions; and I cherish the hope that next year Mr. Egan will not fail to pay us a visit and have a shot at our Blue Riband at Hoylake. It is to be hoped also that he will not come alone, but that several others, such as Mr. Travis, Mr. Byers, and the semi-finalists of this year's event, will accompany him.

England v. America at Golf

I feel convinced that such visits will be the best means to the end we all should have in view, the arrangement of an International match between America and Great Britain. More can be done in an hour of personal intercourse during such a visit than reams of correspondence spreading over several months can possibly accomplish. It is curious to note that the Americans adopted at the start the system of a qualifying scoring competition for the elimination of the vast numbers entering for their Amateur Championship. Last year or the year before, I am not quite certain which, they adopted our system of pure match-play all through. This, however, does not seem to have given complete satisfaction, so that this year the American authorities reverted to the original system, and preluded the competition proper, which is by match-play, by a preliminary scoring competition of thirty-six holes. I am very loath to have to say it, but I am coming reluctantly to the conclusion that a similar system will have, before long, to be introduced into the conditions governing our own Amateur Championship.

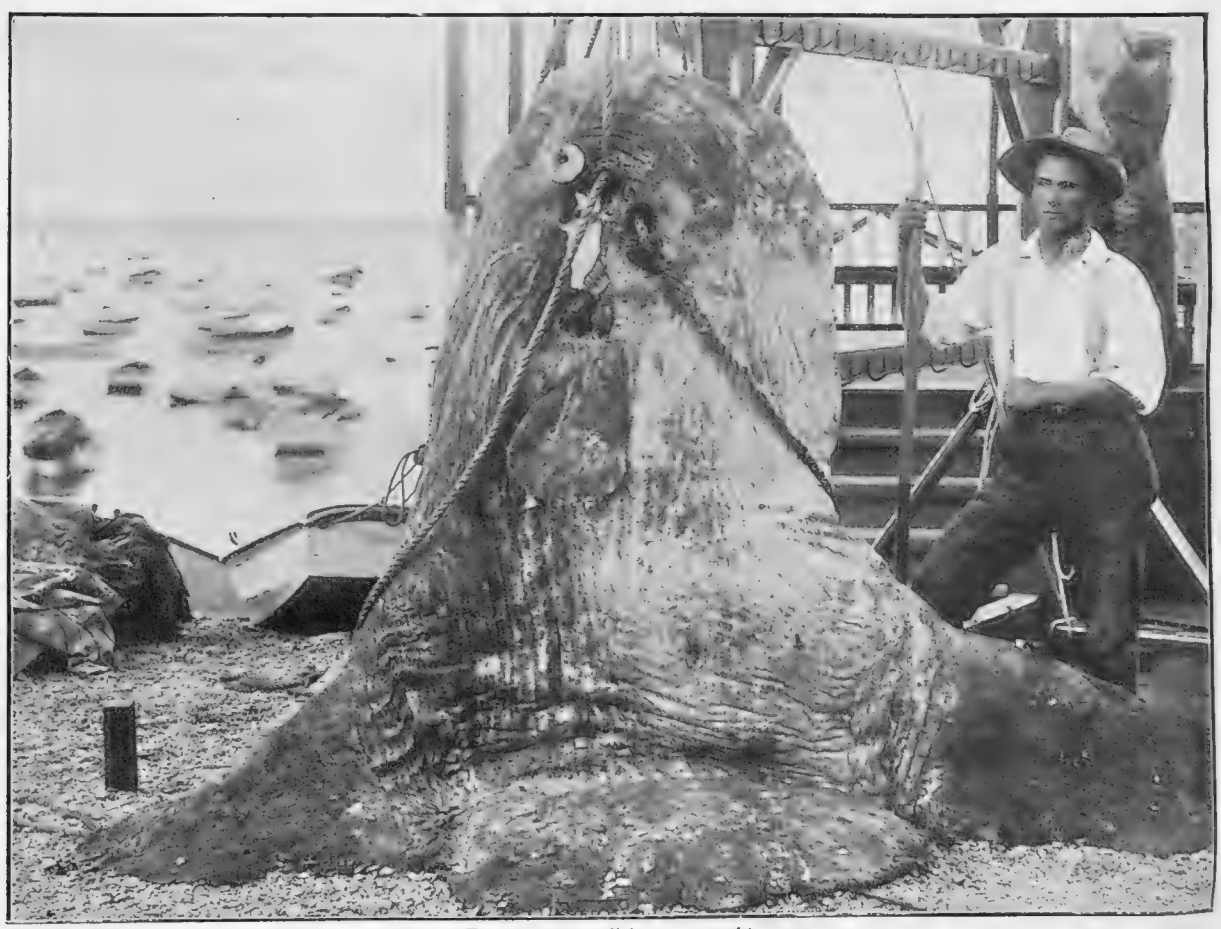
Entries for the Amateur Championship

The numbers of entries go on steadily increasing year by year, and it requires a very long and arduous day's work to get through the first day of our contest. The one thought that consoles me, if this concession to score-play has to be made for the purpose of reducing the competitors in the tournament proper to reasonable proportions, is this: that by doing this we shall be in a better position to attack the problem of the Open Championship, where a similar vortex of competitors threatens the foundations of the present system of pure score-play. At present, anyone arguing in favour of the introduction of match-play into the Open Championship, can be fairly met by an adherent of the present system with the reply: "If you think a double test, by score and match-play, is the best means of ascertaining the champion of the year, why do you not advocate a preliminary scoring competition in the amateur event?" Once such a preliminary scoring competition is established for the Amateur Championship, such a reply will be impossible, and we shall be able, with much greater force, to impress on the professionals the advisability, in their own interests and that of the game itself, of allowing the match-play element to form part of their great annual tournament. I have preached this sermon for some time, and I shall not lose any opportunity of pressing my text home. I cannot give stronger proof of my earnest desire in this direction than by notifying my readiness to accept a modification of a like nature in the Amateur Championship. ERNEST LEHMANN.

Two Giant Sunfish

Photo by] **The largest sunfish ever caught round the British Isles** [*Illustrations Bureau*

This monster, which has broken the record for catches round the British Isles, weighs 2½ cwts. (280 lbs.). Its dimensions are 6 ft. in width and 5 ft. in length. It was caught by Aberdeen fishermen, and is now on exhibition at Whiteley's



The largest sunfish ever caught

This giant sunfish, the largest ever caught, was landed at Santa Catalina Island, off the coast of California, not so very long ago. It is 10 ft. long and 10 ft. high. The estimated weight of the monster is 1,800 lbs. The available tackle was not strong enough to weigh the fish entire. The fish was captured by men from two steam launches. It was three hours before the monster's struggles were overcome

The Connoisseur

OLD PRINTS

If any stimulus were needed in the cult of old prints, the recent exhibition—for which we have waited two years—of the Cheylesmore collection at the British Museum would certainly supply it. For here is arranged the fine flower of one of the most engaging branches of the engraver's art—the mezzotints from the earliest to almost the latest examples of distinguished work. The history of prints is in itself so wide a subject, that the collector of our day, like the late Lord Cheylesmore, wisely confines himself to one of the various divisions into which the subject falls, but all are interesting. From Mr. Whitman's admirable volume, "The Print Collectors' Handbook" (Bell), now in its third edition, the neophyte, having allowed his taste to suggest which line of work he will seek, may learn the many pitfalls that surround him, the deceptions that lie *perdu* in "states," the forgeries, reprints, and spurious productions, that those affable wolves, the doubtful dealers, will lay before his inexperienced eye. Having decided, by natural selection, on either the etchings, woodcuts, lithographs, colour prints, stipple engravings, aquatints, mezzotints, or line engravings, this excellent handbook will place him in a position to enjoy his sport with discretion, and ride his hobby without coming too severe a cropper. From Dürer to Daumier, from Van Ostade to Whistler, the world of prints is laid before him.

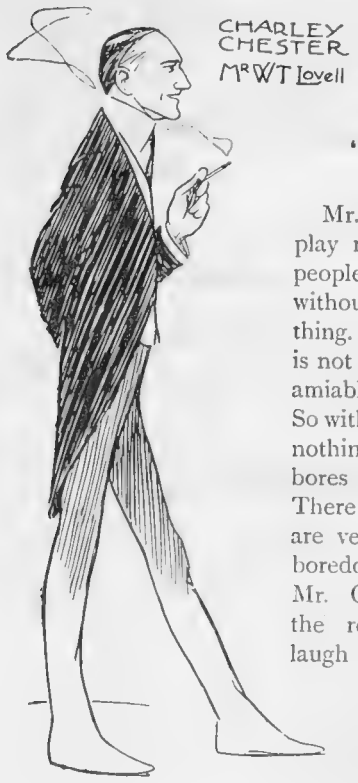
Mezzotints

To most people who approach the subject of engraving *con amore*, there is one section of the work for which they have an especial love. Among all the various styles of prints which the last four hundred years have brought us, the mezzotints, which began in 1642, and ended, it may be said, about 1820, are perhaps the most interesting and sympathetic. Following the rule that says, "Unto those that have shall be given," it was at one time the fashion to attribute the invention of this beautiful branch of the engravers' art to the accomplished and dashing nephew of Charles I., Prince Rupert of the Palatinate. Evelyn, the true courtier, in his history of chalcography, attributed the discovery to his friend, the Prince, but the honour is now generally assigned to another amateur, Von Siegen, of Hesse-Cassel, whose first work, the Landgravine Amelia Elizabeth, is also the first of the mezzotints. He certainly explained his method to Prince Rupert, who, in his turn, did much to disseminate the knowledge which he had gained, and which he practised with so much skill, as may be seen, for example, in his large work now exhibited at the British Museum, "The Executioner of St. John the Baptist." In due time he handed on the light to the artist Vaillant, who produced a vast quantity of this work, and improved the methods of the craft. The Prince also brought the art into England, for on his arrival here, after the Restoration, William Sherwin produced his mezzo of Charles II., some ten years after the famous "Executioner."

Evelyn, too, was somewhat instructed in the new engraving, and artists gifted in this particular craft increased with each decade, until almost all the best portrait-painters' works were thus translated, and incidentally made doubly popular. These reproductions of the masters sell to-day for sums that compare with those given for the original painting. In Mr. Whitman's book, it is mentioned that the "Mary Isabella, Duchess of Rutland," print was sold, some fourteen years since, for £1,000, and although that was, no doubt, not more than Sir Joshua received for the portrait, it is a handsome sum, and shows the value now set upon this strong, but delicate, style of engraving by a generation whose taste and skill are not so great as their connoisseurship. From the fine mezzotints of, say, Valentine Green and Raphael Smith, to the stipple work of Bartolozzi, Jones, or Cheesman, is, chronologically, an easy step. Many of the mezzotinters being almost equally successful in this new application of dots which the gifted—and criminal—Ryland had brought to England from Paris, and which flourished exceedingly on our native soil. The examples Mr. Whitman gives of this pretty art are very informatory, as are those on the less-known method of aquatint which he praises quite as fully as it deserves.

E. M.

The Ladies Waldegrave
From the Mezzotint by Valentine Green, 1781, after Sir Joshua Reynolds



THE PLAYHOUSE

"The Duffer," at the Comedy Theatre

Mr. Weedon Grossmith's play reminds us of those people who talk continually without actually saying anything. This class of person is not aggressive, but rather amiable and unmeaning. So with the play. It means nothing whatever, yet never bores us beyond recovery. There are times when we are very near the brink of boredom. At these times Mr. Grossmith comes to the rescue. There is a laugh in every line of his dejected countenance, and the characteristic pull at his collar, as if to free his neck from the yoke of despond, seldom fails to amuse.

Mr. Grossmith does not succeed in making the character of Robert Iles (the "Duffer") very definite. We are often uncertain how to take him, so settle the difficulty by laughing at him. Robert Iles, in the hands of a less admirable comedian, would not provoke a smile.

For the purpose of condoning Mr. Henry Ainley's out-of-the-picture performance of Paul Martin, it should be explained that the dramatic construction of the main theme of the play is very "wobbly." The misunderstanding by which Paul Martin leads his best friend, Chester, to believe that he (Paul) is engaged to be married to "Niobe" is not only well-worn but weak. It was never intended to stand the strain of the remaining acts. Consequently, we are not moved by the ravings of the rejected Paul, nor by the hard luck of Chester in being separated from the woman he loves.

Mr. Ainley attempts to cover the weakness of the play by an extra touch of earnestness. Result, a performance too highly coloured for the general canvas—a performance for which the actor is not wholly to blame.

Mr. Lovell showed a neat touch in his treatment of the rôle of Chester.

Miss Gertrude Kingston was a vivacious Lady Amelia, and in the rôle of Mary Hillier ("Niobe") — the best written in the play — Miss Beryl Faber exhibited commendable feeling and artistic restraint.

Considerable ingenuity was brought to bear upon the "business" of the piece—a delicious touch especially

being the playing of "The Jonah Man" as entrance music to the "Duffer," when he returns from the hopeless quest of proposing to Lady Amelia.

Concerning the "Season"

The stage has a jargon of its own. So much attention is directed in these days to the affairs of the stage that the technical terms have come to be understanded of the people. But one word in the parlance of the theatre carries not a definite idea but confusion. It is the word "season." What is the theatrical season? When does it commence and when does it end? Everyone knows that theatres, concerned with dramatic as opposed to lyrical productions, are open all the year round, with the exception of a brief midsummer vacation lasting about eight weeks. But the term "season" is most loosely applied by writers upon stage topics. Referring to a production in October, a scribe in May frequently mentions last season, when he would be more accurate by mentioning last year.

Again, the period anterior to the pantomimes at Christmas is termed the autumn season, and the big dramatic productions at Drury Lane at this period of the year is known throughout as autumn drama.

The question is, does the season commence automatically with the first of the year or does it commence after the vacation and carry over the year until the holidays come round again? Colour is lent to the first view by the practice which obtains among critics of summing up at Christmas the productions of the past year; also of anticipating about January the bill of dramatic fare for the coming year. Thus it would appear that the dramatic year is made up of two distinct seasons, spring and autumn, divided by a vacation. Confusion is caused by the fact that the two words year and season are used indiscriminating. It would be a simple matter to make the words year and season really interchangeable, by regarding the production in January as the first of a new season. But the Christmas break in the succession of productions is of too slight a nature to mark the dividing line. Consequently, the September productions, after the midsummer recess, have come to be regarded as the first of a new dramatic year. It would be advisable, therefore, to adopt this reading of the calendar, and to reckon the dramatic year or season (interchangeable terms) as commencing in September and lasting until the end of July of the next year.

Photo by *Foulsham and Banfield*

"'Shun!"

Miss Marie Studholme—here seen in a novel guise, that of the sternly military, in place of the sweetly feminine—is at present playing in *My Lady Madcap* on tour

Resolutions for the New Year

So, following a good old fashion, now is the moment to make good resolutions for the dramatic year 1905-6. The fewer resolutions that are made the easier they will be to keep, so we (the playgoing body), recognising the hopelessness of becoming saints all at once, can, nevertheless, make good progress along the paths of holiness by putting from us two cardinal faults—arriving late for the play, and talking loud in the theatre.

The late-comer and the loud chatterer are both fiendish nuisances, although the first is the lesser sinner, because the disturbance he creates is of short duration. Much has been done in the past to pander to his weakness. Managers have constantly put on curtain-raisers at 8.30 of so indifferent a quality that people can linger over their dinner with the comfortable assurance that they are not missing much in the way of dramatic fare. There is no possible excuse for a playgoer who cannot get to the theatre by nine o'clock. So the indifferent curtain-raiser has done something to save the situation. But signs are not wanting that the one-act play of merit is to replace the undramatic trifle which has bored us in the past.

Carrying on the traditions of the Haymarket, Mr. Frederick Harrison announces for next season the production of one-act plays of the kind which should not be missed. So the late-comer must mend his ways, unless he be prepared to forego an important share of the entertainment for which he has paid.

Next week, I shall have something to say about the other fiend—the chatterer. E. C. S.

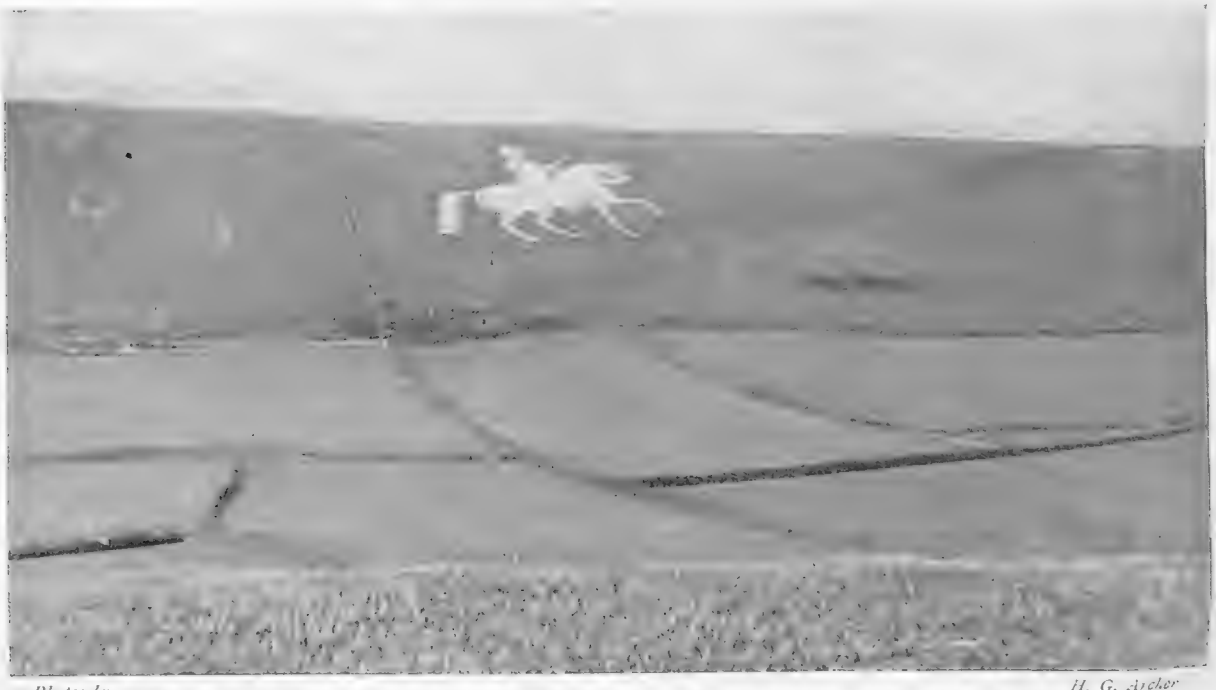
The Vanishing "Giant of Cerne"

The "Giant," cut on the side of Trendle Hill, eight miles from Dorchester, is barely to be seen

IT is stated that an interesting survival of prehistoric England is threatened with destruction owing to neglect. This is the "Giant of Cerne," a colossal human figure cut on the southern declivity of Trendle Hill, that overlooks the picturesque village of Cerne Abbas, eight miles north of Dorchester. The "Giant" is 180 ft. in height, and in his right hand he grasps a knotted club, 121 ft. long. The outlines of the whole figure are cut in the chalk, 2 ft. broad and about 1 ft. deep. Gradually the chalk channels have been washed away by the rains, and so choked up with grass that the details of the Cerne Colossus are hard to trace, although still recognisable. Formerly, the "Giant" was repaired at intervals of seven years by the villagers, who cleansed the furrows and refilled them with chalk. Owing, apparently, to lack of funds, which it is nobody's business to provide, the figure has not been scoured for many years.

Among antiquarians, consensus of opinion affirms it to be a monument of the greatest antiquity, namely, a representation of the Saxon God Heil. If this thesis be correct, the "Old Man," as he is styled by the natives, must have been fashioned before the year A.D. 600.

Dorsetshire's other turf memorial—George III., attired in cocked hat and boots, and bestriding his cantering charger—which is cut on a hill about four miles from Weymouth, is in a capital state of preservation.



Photos by *H. G. Archer*

"George III. on horseback"

Dorsetshire's other Turf Memorial, in a good state of preservation

Pigeon Racing by the Yorkshire Federation

The baskets ready to be opened

Undoing the baskets

Pigeon Racing: The Cup Day from Didcot

The toss

The pigeons liberated

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

I have had such a pleasant experience, I feel I must vent my delight in words. It has nothing whatever to do with *modes*, but is very directly connected with manners, which, as the old saying has it, makes the man. Well! in this instance, they happened to make the woman also—my experience having been enjoyed in a few days' intimate social intercourse with two New Zealanders, typical representatives of the educated class in that land south of the Equator.

Blessed by the same keen perceptions, fine powers of observation, and original judgment as the American, they temper all these modern acquirements by the most delightful manners. The manners, indeed! of the *haute noblesse* of England. Their invariable courtesy arrives *viâ* the heart, and brings with it a dignity and genuineness there is no mistaking. How always pleasurable and easy it is to talk to people who are devoid of all wearing anxiety to make a sensation, and how favourably they compare with the Englishwoman, so common nowadays, who positively wriggles with conscious mannerism.

Too Much Manner

In company with these agreeable Southerners, we were lunching one day at a restaurant, and at the next table to us sat a bevy of girls and attendant swains, with the orthodox chaperon. My attention was called to the attitude of one of the girls in particular, who, plain to ugliness, had out-Heroded Herod in every modistic possibility, and was aggravating that offence by a manner, so thick with affectation, one could, as the schoolboys say, have cut it. Truth to tell, there was infinitely more manner than girl, and, from certain unmistakable indications, she was certainly old enough to have known better. Whereas, it was pathetic to see the imitative following of a young girl, somewhere about sixteen or seventeen years of age, who was apparently incapable of answering the simplest question, apart from a silly, mirthless laugh and convulsive movement of the shoulders that she would, in all probability, herself have called gesture.

I am really desperately interested in this question of manners. It is capable of spoiling so many clothes, to say nothing of character and intelligence, and I am seriously considering the advisability of finding a finishing education for my girl in one or other of these younger countries, where life is not so dreadfully enwrapped in stupid conventionalisms. Maybe, however, we are nearing the point where reaction sets in. Anyway, it is well to be hopeful.

The Expiring Summer Season

Summer fashions are dying slowly, but surely. Much valuable information, though, for the future may be gathered from dress at foreign seaside resorts, such as Dieppe, Trouville, Dinard, and the like, and there is very clearly foretold the vogue of close-fitting waistcoats, the mannish type of vest, which, during the early autumn months, will certainly be exploited in *piqué*; whereas, just at the immediate moment, there is a fancy for black silk vests with white linen suits. This appeals to me as a decidedly fetching little notion, and one, moreover, open to development in the cause of delicately toned friezes and face cloths. Personally, I do not feel disposed at present to recognise the attempt to bedizen these small accessories with silk braid and strappings, the essential *chic* of the fancy resting in a supreme simplicity. Tailors, as will be readily understood, are well prepared to accept the departure, and make much of it, or of anything else calculated to carry them back into their legitimate realms. They have borne most patiently with, what one may call, modistic tailoring, and have pandered without complaining to extravagant outline. But their hour is once again at hand, and there seems every promise of the game being entirely in their own hands.

Linen as an Autumn Fabric

How very necessary it is to be sure to have the courage of one's convictions. I am really just a little annoyed with a trade contemporary, taking the very words out of my mouth respecting the adaptability of linen to autumn wear. Linen, I have at least had the courage to proclaim, is not cool. There is an inevitable weight about it, that has been circumvented in many clever ways by *couturières* for the summer. But really there is no reason at all why linen redingotes and costumes should not be worn well into October, the more so since there are colours quite suited to the later months.

The question of green as a leading winter *nuance* has passed altogether out of the interrogative into the positive. One finds it everywhere, modistes, tailleurs, and milliners alike accepting the decree. In fancy tweeds, it is almost ubiquitous in one form or another, every gradation, from indefinite grey green to solid pronounced tints.

A Plethora of Pretty Petticoats

Feeling runs higher than ever in favour of extravagant *jupons*—extravagant, that is to say, so far as construction goes. A very coarse mesh net creates the most fascinating flounces, carried extremely high, and trimmed with a quantity of narrow ribbon, disposed in scroll, *treillage*, and zig-zag designs. These look extremely well, by the way, on alpaca skirts, a movement that has come astonishingly to the fore of late.

Quite the most attractive silk varieties are of *Broderie à jour*, the openwork pattern running to bold designs preferably, and frequently revealing the presence of a contrasting lining. Thus a black silk

A workmanlike coat of navy blue cloth for wet weather

(Sketched by K. Pleydel Young)

skirt and flounce will have the latter embroidered in white, and mounted over a cerise hem, while an exceptionally smart effect is wrought with biscuit silk over black. But the point to be borne in mind is, that the upper part and flounce must be *en suite*, otherwise the effect is apt to look patchy, always an unpardonable sin with petticoats.

A Wet Weather Wrap

The pictured workmanlike coat is of navy blue cloth, trimmed fine black silk braid, with black silk collar and belt. The cape, pleated on the shoulder, effects such a becoming finish, and denotes the commencement of a fresh era for the always favourite shoulder adornment.

A Woman's Note Bo[illegible]

Those in authority have been complaining lately that Englishwomen of the lower classes become very slovenly in their habits after marriage, and this suggested to my mind the question, do we women consider that marriage is the end of our existence, instead of in some sort the beginning—a kind of final winding up, after which nothing else much matters. For it is very true that the greater number of girls, even of the better classes, show a decided change in their ways, and that they do really become careless and indifferent after they are married. No self-respecting girl goes about looking positively untidy, of course, but although she probably has a larger dress allowance and altogether more freedom than before, she does not make the most of herself, nor display those small feminine talents which made her proud to contrive, plan, and do everything to advantage from the time schoolroom days were over.

But it is not only in the matter of personal appearance, but still more in regard to games, interests, and accomplishments that women fail after marriage. A girl has, perhaps, a very fine v[illegible] takes great care of it; sacrifices something to procure good lessons; practices regularly, and probably values it really beyond its actual merit. When she is married, this is changed. From the depths of a sofa, where she is languidly perusing a novel, she informs her friends that she has no time to keep up her [illegible]ic or singing. As to her former occupations, games, entertainments, social calls, and philanthropic interests—well, she is busy with household duties in the morning, perhaps she has been out scolding the butcher and other trying tradesmen, and she really cannot bestir herself again in the afternoon. As a rule, there is no being on the face of the earth so unsociable as a newly married wife, and no one is absolutely engrossed in her home, to the utter neglect of her surroundings, as the young mother.

One reason for this is the possession of a [illegible]se of her own; all the energy that was formerly thrown into care for her personal appearance, talents, and graces, is now concentrated upon her home. To have a home, even more than to have a husband, is the ambition of almost every girl directly she is grown up; and it is very natural that, when this ambition is gratified, she should do all in her power to make everything go smoothly in her own domain. But women especially when they are young, forget that to do a thing well by no means implies doing it exclusively. It is impossible that a girl's whole time can be employed by the management of a small or medium-sized house; and a habit of tying herself down to the details of domestic duties makes her a very uninteresting companion to the world at large, and even to her nearest relatives. Indeed, it is woman's fatal habit of becoming engrossed in only one or two subjects that makes her a less generally interesting companion than man; and at the same time ruins the very subjects she so eagerly adheres to.

But, perhaps, the greatest reason why women become so lazy and listless after marriage about things which once interested them, is because, as I said before, they consider marriage the end of all things. If they are not married, they are failures; if they are married, they are successful, the success varying in degree according to what kind of matches they have made. But of the "afterwards" a girl has never thought; and how she is to fill up her life in her own home is a thing to be left to circumstance and almost to chance. And so a woman, once married, feels she has attained her object and settles down to rest, and, most girls being lazy, it is a somewhat extensive rest she gives herself. Yet, after all, girls need their graces, talents, and activity, just as much after marriage; and they pay their husbands and the world very poor compliments if they think it is no longer worth while to be charming.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu: SOME APPETISING FISH SAVOURIES

Lobster in Aspic
Scalloped Shrimps
Crab Savoury
Fish Fritters (Smoked)

LOBSTER IN ASPIC

Some good aspic jelly is required for this dish. Have some lobster cut in pieces, three eggs boiled hard, and a few pieces of tarragon and cress. Put a layer of the jelly in the mould, then arrange, tastily, pieces of the lobster alternately with the eggs, and, now and then, pieces of the green. When this has all set, put in more lobster, etc., and then more jelly in a half-melted state, until the entire mould is filled up, sprinkling in here and there a little lobster coral. These aspic moulds can be varied in every possible way, as they can be made with prawns, fish, game, eggs, pâte de foie gras, and mushrooms. Chopped aspic, parsley, and slices of lemon should be garnished round the mould, and it always looks best served in a silver dish.

SCALLOPED SHRIMPS

Quarter of a pint of picked shrimps, 1 oz. of butter, ½ oz. of flour, a gill of milk, two tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, half a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, a few drops of tarragon vinegar, cayenne. Divide the shrimps into equal portions, and put them into four scallop shells; melt the butter in a saucepan, stir a dessertspoonful of flour into it, then add the milk and stir till it boils, season with the anchovy sauce and tarragon vinegar, pour it over the shrimps, sprinkle some breadcrumbs on the top of each scallop, and brown in the oven. Serve hot.

CRAB SAVOURY

Take three tablespoonfuls of fine white breadcrumbs, one tablespoonful of melted butter, two tablespoonfuls of tarragon vinegar, three of cream, one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of made mustard, and a pinch of cayenne pepper. Carefully remove all the eatable part from the body and claws; take care to put away the stomach and any greenish matter. Take the yolk of an egg, and mix it with the salt, mustard, cayenne, and melted butter, and, when thoroughly mixed, add gradually the vinegar, next the breadcrumbs and crab; lastly, stir in the cream, and turn the mixture into little paper or china ramekin dishes, and garnish with chervil.

FISH FRITTERS (SMOKED)

Make some batter, flake some smoked salmon or cod's roe, dust the pieces lightly with cayenne, dip in the batter, and fry till crisp in oil. Drain well, and serve piled up high and garnished with parsley.

EMILIA.

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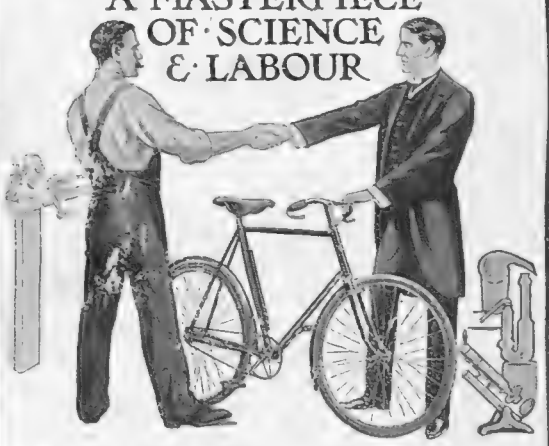

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AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

An "Entente Cordiale" for those "At" and "On" the Wheel

The cyclist is a good road friend. He is equally interested as we are in dustless roads, always observes the rule of the road, and is, of course, quite in favour of the Universal Lighting Bill. He frequently used to warn one of police attentions, and, in fact, took a kindly interest in the petrol car. Latterly, I have noticed that wheelmen have not shown quite the same sympathy. This I believe to be due principally to the little consideration for the modest bike shown by certain motorists. Two words we have all been using lately will help my meaning. Motorists should do all they can to keep the "*entente*" between them and the cyclists "*cordiale*."

The President Purchases a Petrol Car

M. Loubet, the French President, is now a motorist, he having lately purchased a 25 h.-p. C.G.V. Although motoring has for some time been "the thing" in France, yet this is the first car to be stabled in the "Elysée." That the first man in France should have chosen a C.G.V. is a gratifying compliment to Messrs. Charron, Girardot and Voigt. The types that this firm produce are now becoming well known on our roads, and their English trade is developing so much that they are making a point of exhibiting their new 1906 models at Olympia next November.

The Kingston Bench Actually Dismissed a Motor Case

Talking of France and motors, I am reminded that our French friendship was marked by a pleasing little incident at Kingston. A Parisian was summoned for driving a motor-car at an excessive speed near Cobham. He fell into one of the traps set by policeman Lucas, which never fail. The Chairman said that, having regard to the fact that many of the defendant's countrymen were now on a visit to England, and that very likely the defendant did not know the laws of this country (*anyhow he did not understand the timing methods on the Portsmouth road*), the summons would be dismissed on payment of costs. I am now in France for a few weeks' motoring; should I unfortunately get caught, similar clemency will, I hope, be shown.

That Channel Crossing!

The one objection to French motoring is the journey. But in the present instance, the car being in Paris simplified things. In the train from Victoria I read of westerly gales, damage to yachts at Southampton, and felt far from cheerful about the crossing. Near Newhaven the track runs across low-lying, flat pastures. The wind swept strong over these, the whale-backed hills, to the west, giving but little shelter. At Newhaven, there was the usual bustle for deck chairs and places, the numerous passengers for Dieppe disregarding the certainty

Photo by *Bolak*

The Pyrenees Race: The competitors have an enforced stop of half an hour at Mas d'Oezil

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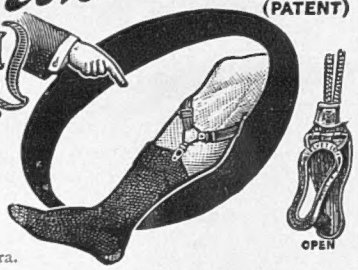

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The Editor's Box

Miss Marie Hall in Ameriea

Miss Marie Hall, during her five months' tour in America and Canada, commencing in November, will receive upwards of £10,000. What a contrast to a few months ago, when the now great artiste was playing in the streets in order to support her family. This wonderful violinist is only twenty-one, but by the magic of her genius can now command a yearly income exceeding the salary of the Prime Minister and the Lord Chief Justice combined.

M ss Deborah Volar

Miss Deborah Volar, who so successfully succeeded Miss Isabel Jay as "Veronique," at the Apollo Theatre, is only twenty-one; she studied singing with Mr. H. J. Wood and Mr. Richard Temple. Miss Volar made her début two years ago as the "Princess" in *The Country Girl*, at Daly's, and will continue to play "Veronique" till Messager's charming work is withdrawn in order to make room for Mr. Wentworth Croke's production of *The Gay Lord Vergy*.

College of Agriculture, Downton

At the fifty-first session of the College of Agriculture, Downton, Salisbury, which has just terminated, the following awards were made:—The certificate of membership or diploma of the College to Mr. B. S. Egerton, Elmhurst Court, Chislehurst; Mr. A. M. Taylor, Norway House, Bishopston, Glamorgan; Mr. J. I. H. Friend, North Down, near Margate; Mr. C. Vardon, Langton Vicarage, Tunbridge Wells; Mr. G. M. Winder, Fairmile, Ottery St. Mary, Cornwall; Mr. C. W. Hughes, Bryn Hawddgar, Llanarthing, Carmarthen; and Mr. A. Anderson, 4, Greenhill Gardens, Edinburgh. The College scholarship, valued £15: Mr. B. S. Egerton. The "Bles" prize, valued £10: Mr. G. V. Wellesley, Uphill Rectory, Weston-super-Mare. The "Wrightson" prize, valued £10: Mr. H. S. M. Fellowes, Glencairn, Winchester.

A Successful Series of Reprints

Four volumes of the Sixpenny "Cameo Classics" have now been issued: "The Beauties of Shakespeare," George Eliot's "Silas Marner," Lamb's "Essays of Elia," and Ainsworth's "Windsor Castle." These complete the first dozen volumes of this remarkable library of the World's Masterpieces in prose and poem. We hear that the sales of the "Cameo Classics" have already reached 150,000 copies—truly a triumph of cheap literature.

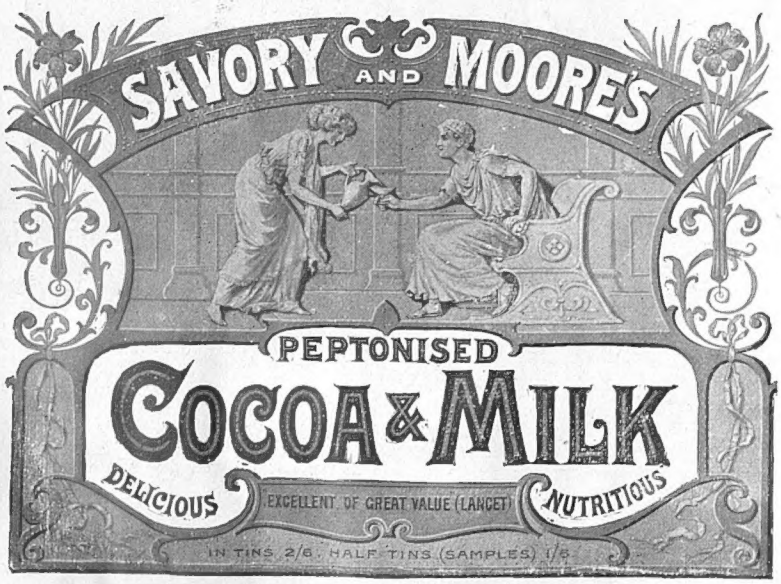
Colonel Coulson's Rabbit-Trap

We have received the following letter from Colonel Coulson:—

DEAR SIR,—In reference to your pleasant account of myself, and Mr. Trist's letter in your issue of the 16th inst., please let me explain that I claim nothing for my invention but that it is an *improvement* on the old cruel "gin." It is impossible to arrange the strength of the springs to suit all rabbits, some being strong and large, others small and young. I have known full-grown rabbits to wriggle out of my trap when the spring was weak, and, on the other hand, my own men have released little ones from a strong spring, and they have run away quite uninjured. I fear a really humane and painless trap is an impossibility. I have, for the greater part of a good long life, consulted scores of rabbit-catchers and scientific persons on the question. The awful cruelty of traps is no new thing to me. Mr. Trist has been wrongly informed as to the india-rubber pad frightening rabbits. Plenty have been caught. I have got them myself. The best way to get rabbits is by shooting and netting. Hundreds may be got at night with lamps and nets.

ARMY LIMERICKS.—No. III.

There once was a special recruit,
Who remarked as he pipeclayed his boot:
"When I've scraped up my curl
I'll walk out with my gurl—
She thinks I look fine in this suit"

Turbine Steamers in the Cross-Channel Service

To cope with the ever-increasing traffic between Dover and Calais, and Folkestone and Boulogne, two new turbine steamers have just been placed in the service between these ports. They are the *Onward* and the *Invicta*, built by Messrs. Denny Bros., of Dumbarton, and provided with the now well-known Parsons' turbine machinery. The great success attending the pioneer Channel turbine steamer, *The Queen*, which was launched in 1903, has justified the South Eastern and Chatham Railway in providing these new vessels. They are practically the same dimensions as *The Queen*, viz., 324 ft. long, with a breadth 42 ft. 2 in. The speed, however, has been increased to twenty-two knots, whilst the power of the reversing turbines has also been increased, which materially enhances the manœuvring qualities of these two vessels. The accommodation is all that can be desired, and passengers leaving London either by the 11 a.m. service from Victoria to Calais or by the 2.20 p.m. service from Charing Cross to Boulogne can now rely on a turbine steamer being on these services. The sea passage from Folkestone to Boulogne has been shortened by fifteen minutes, and the sea passage from Dover to Calais is now performed within the hour.